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VOLUME 22 NUMBER 4

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THIS MONTH IN CLUB

TEASE!

CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume Twenty Two Number Four

Thought for the month: "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush – but Club's got ten in and only costs £1.95" – *Aesop, 550 B.C.*

page 20
Lucy

page 13
Rachel

It's tough at the top, you know. I mean, here I am, sat at my huge black and chrome desk, complete with big red phone and executive toy made of huge ball-bearings on string, bored stupid.

I could always stroke my big white, fluffy cat I have here, or invite Helga my personal secretary in and watch her polish the buttons on her military tunic, or just drop hunks of meat into my shark-infested pool that I use to keep wayward members of staff in line.

Then again, I could walk over to my huge illuminated map of the world and see how my plan for Total Domination of Purley is doing, or wander up onto the roof and buff up my helicopter, which is surrounded by several thugs in black jumpers who salute all the time.

Mind you, it's not always this quiet. Our little organisation had an upset the other week when Commander Midson was brought kicking and screaming into my office. Apparently, he had been found fiddling with pictures of naked girls in the art room.

"But I'm the bloody Art Director!" he spat, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth onto his torn dinner jacket.

"You disappoint me, Mr Midson," I drawled back, reaching for the button that would activate the trap door. "I think our little interview is over..."

At that moment he grabbed his fags and stuffed a Silk Cut into his mouth. In the confusion of smoke and blaze of light from his Swan Vesta, he escaped!

He has now barricaded himself in his office and won't come out till I apologise! Some people just aren't any fun... *The Ed* ♣

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IN THE BAG

If you've been at it like a rabbit, then send your rampant ramblings to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Dark Thoughts

After months of wondering why we never see anything else in Club but girls with skin that's whiter than Persil in snow, we are finally treated to a woman who sent my pulse into orbit!

I am referring, of course, to Charmaine (Vol 22 No 3). A lovely black girl at last!

She's got more curves than an hourglass shop on delivery day. She is exactly what I would call a perfect woman: a fantastic figure, a great face and a wickedly sexy smile.

I'm sorry, but if she ain't in every single issue from now on – including the covers – then I'm never buying *Club* again! You have been warned... – *Fraser, Dublin*

A Ride In The Country

My name is Sarah and I am a 19-year-old brunette. I have quite a good figure (36-24-34), and I just have to tell you about an experience I had with another girl last summer.

Tina is a beautiful, full-breasted blonde who lives a few doors down from me, and although we've known each other for years we'd never really spoken much. However, one day I was walking to the shops when Tina pulled up next to me in her new sports car. She asked where I was going and whether I wanted a lift. I noticed the sparkle in her eyes and jumped in without even thinking.

"Fancy going topless?" she grinned as she undid a couple of catches and peeled back the roof. I tried to hide my blushes as we sped off, but I swear I could see her out of the corner of my eye staring at my hot pants and long, bare legs. Even though the wind was blowing all around us my pussy was still getting hot and wet!

As we pulled up outside the shops in the high street, I thanked her for the lift, got out of the car and stumbled as quickly as possible into the newsagents.

There was quite a queue, and by the time I had come out, there was Tina with a hamper of food and a bottle of wine on the back seat!

"Let's go for a picnic, Sarah. It's such a lovely day I reckon it would be a shame to spend it all cooped up inside, don't you?" I did have a load of housework to do, but it was a lovely day, and Tina did look so beautiful I thought sod it, why not! And for the second time that day I jumped in beside her.

Soon we found ourselves in the heart of the country, driving through the twisting lanes until we came across a quiet field by a stream.

We unpacked everything and wandered over to a shady spot by the riverbank. We sat down and were soon chatting away like old friends... or new lovers! It was so warm the wine soon went to my head and, after eating, I lay back on the blanket, stretched my arms and shut my eyes.

All of a sudden, my face was in shadow and I opened my eyes to see Tina, stripped to her bra and knickers, and her lips almost touching mine.

She kissed me, very gently, and her soft lips kissed my neck and nibbled my earlobes before returning, urgently to my lips. We kissed passionately for what seemed like ages, then she pulled away from me and quietly said, "You do know I fancy you, don't you, Sarah?"

I looked at her and nodded, and gave her the chance to go further by easing my legs apart. Tina smiled and began to undress me, peeling off my t-shirt and lowering her head to take each nipple into her mouth in turn.

I shut my eyes again and felt her warm lips and soft tongue kissing and sucking my tits. Now this was really turning me on, and Tina sensed this. She kissed her way down to my stomach to my soaking pussy and, lying between my parted thighs, pulled the gusset of my damp panties to one side and whispered, "Your pussy smells so wonderful. It's so pretty... let's just hope it tastes as good!"

Then she went down on me, licking my clit and fucking my pussy with her tongue as I bucked and screamed, coming all over her gorgeous face! I had been licked out by some boys before, but this beautiful 23-year-old blonde was incredible – so much more horny. Well, it does take a woman to know exactly what another woman likes!

She moved back up to my face as we kissed again, and I tasted my own sweet juices on her lips and tongue. It drove me wild! I was so desperate to taste another woman's pussy I sat up and pushed Tina down onto the ground.

"Right. Now it's my turn!" I giggled and started on her tits, squeezing one with one hand and kissing and sucking the other until her nipples were rock hard between my lips. I slowly moved my way to her pussy and, pulling Tina's lacy panties down, I gasped as her gorgeous cunt came into view, her swollen pink lips totally shaven.

Being new to this I took my time, playing with her pussy the way that I knew really turned me on. When I knew she was good and ready, I lowered my head and took my first taste, licking up and down her slit, gently sucking her pink clit for all I was worth. Tina buried her hands in my hair and pulled me further and further into her, crying out loud for me to make her come. And soon I did just that, as her gorgeous come dribbled from her pussy into my eager mouth.

I moved away, my face,

PISSED POETS

Calling all poets... if you've ever fancied yourself as a Dylan Thomas or Brendan Behan, then get a load of this. The Little Pub Company, a West Midlands-based chain of boozers, has started an annual contest to find budding poets currently hiding behind their Bushmills.

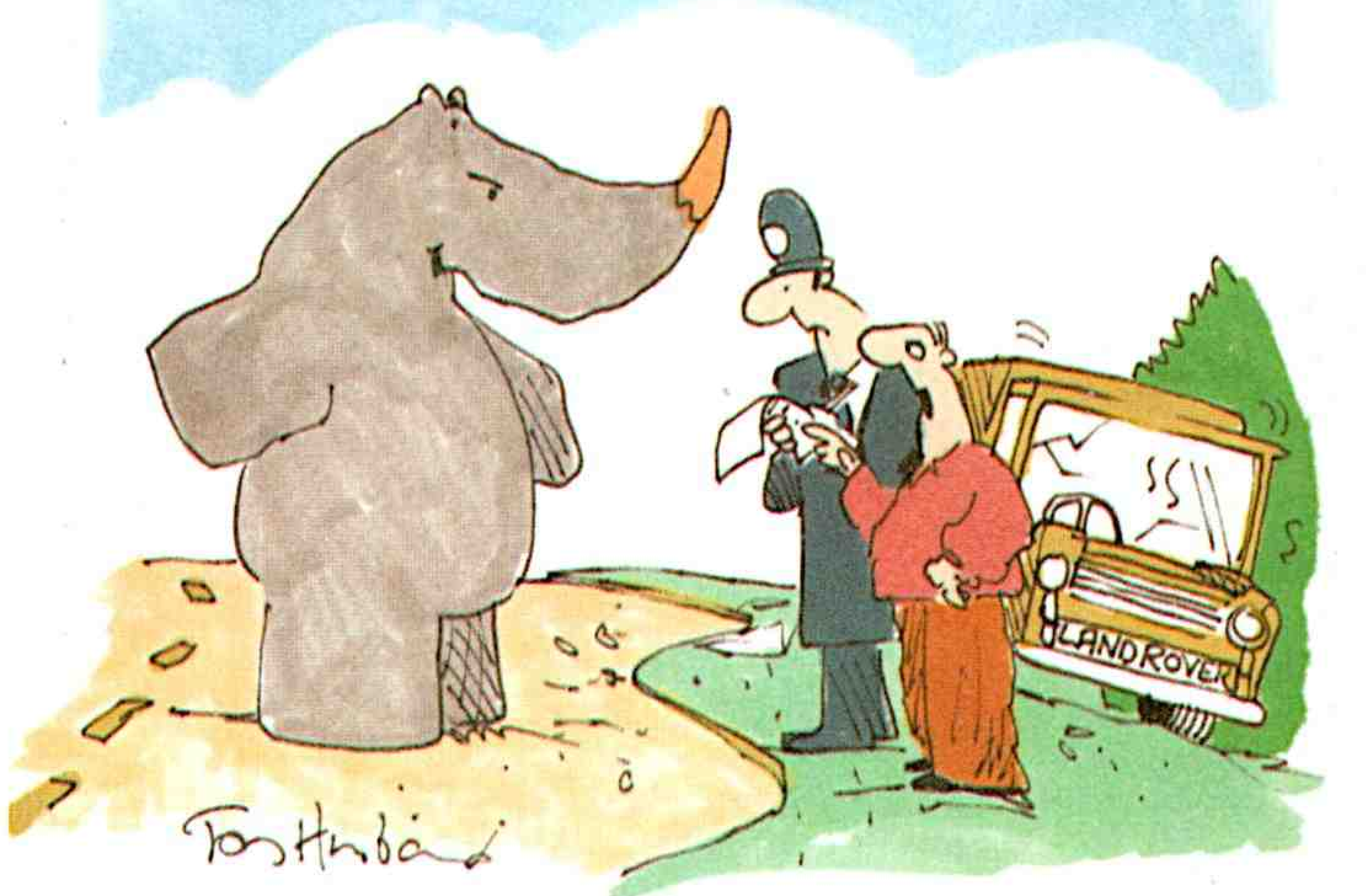
Entrants are required to give an undertaking that they've drunk three pints of booze (no problem) before writing an alcohol-related poem, and the winner gets £1000 and a barrel of ale. Sounds too good to be true, doesn't it?

We couldn't resist knocking up our own entry while we were down at the pub at lunchtime, so here goes...

I like a pint of lager,
And some cheese and onion crisps,
I am prone to falling over,
When I've got extremely pissed.
I like to chat up girls,
When I've had a few too many,
Then their fellas come along,
And beat me into jelly.
I like to puke my load,
In the pub across the road,
Then the landlord throws me out,
"Go home you silly lout!"

Not bad, eh? Sounds like a piece of piss to us, so write a poem and send it to *The Little Pub Company*, Poetry Prize, PO Box 111, Kidderminster, DY14 9DZ and wait for the booze and money to roll in. Probably. ♣

THE EDITOR'S RHINO JOKE



"Accident, no way you lying bastard! You deliberately rammed me"

lips and chin covered in Tina's wetness as we kissed again. Tina then shifted around into a 69 as we both sucked and licked each other's pussy until we had come at least three times each.

Well, after that day (and getting everything out in the open!) there was no stopping us. We fuck most nights and do everything from dressing up to using a double dildo that lets both of us fuck each other at the same time. Now we've got no inhibitions left we're after a couple more women to join us for a bit of fun. Who knows where it will all end?!

Tina says she's aiming to get a whole load of us girlies into the bath for an evening of bubbles and bonking! Any offers anyone? – *Sarah, Essex*

Tight Fit

I know that some people think working in a shop must be the most boring way to earn a living, and so did I until last week!

My name is Janice, and I work in a fairly trendy clothes shop in London's West End. We get all sorts of horny men in, and one day last week I was just about to go off for lunch when this blond hunk came in and after looking around he asked if we had any jeans in stock that would fit him.

I gulped and smiled and said that I'd go off and check, blushing straight away as I saw his enormous package and muscled thighs straining against his tight Chinos. I fanned myself out the back as I tried to compose myself, found a pair and walked back out to see if they would fit.

But he'd gone! I looked around and called out, and then I heard him call back from behind the curtain of the dressing room. He poked his head out and took the jeans off me, but didn't pull the curtain back properly and I couldn't help but sneak a look. And was I glad I did!

This guy had a bigger package than anything the Post Office had ever handled, or anything I'd ever handled come to that, and as I stood there staring I was suddenly aware that he was staring back at me. My eyes traced their way up his body until I

continued on page 18

Lisa

Photographs by Jack Harrison

If getting the lovely Lisa off her four poster bed was as easy as getting her clothes off we could've shown you some pictures of this stunning 19-year-old looking cute in the kitchen, beautiful in the bathroom and all lusty in the lounge. But she wasn't having any of it...

"It's just that I always feel so sexy on my bed," she sighed. "I only have to lie back on it and close my eyes and I can see all those horny men I've brought back over

the past few months, undressing and then slowly peeling everything off me. Mmmm, I go quite limp, you know."

Well you might very well be on your own there, Lisa... ♣

A LOAD OF OLD BRIT

Is the search for British musical talent a lost cause? "Err, I only put it down a minute ago," says **James T Bone**...

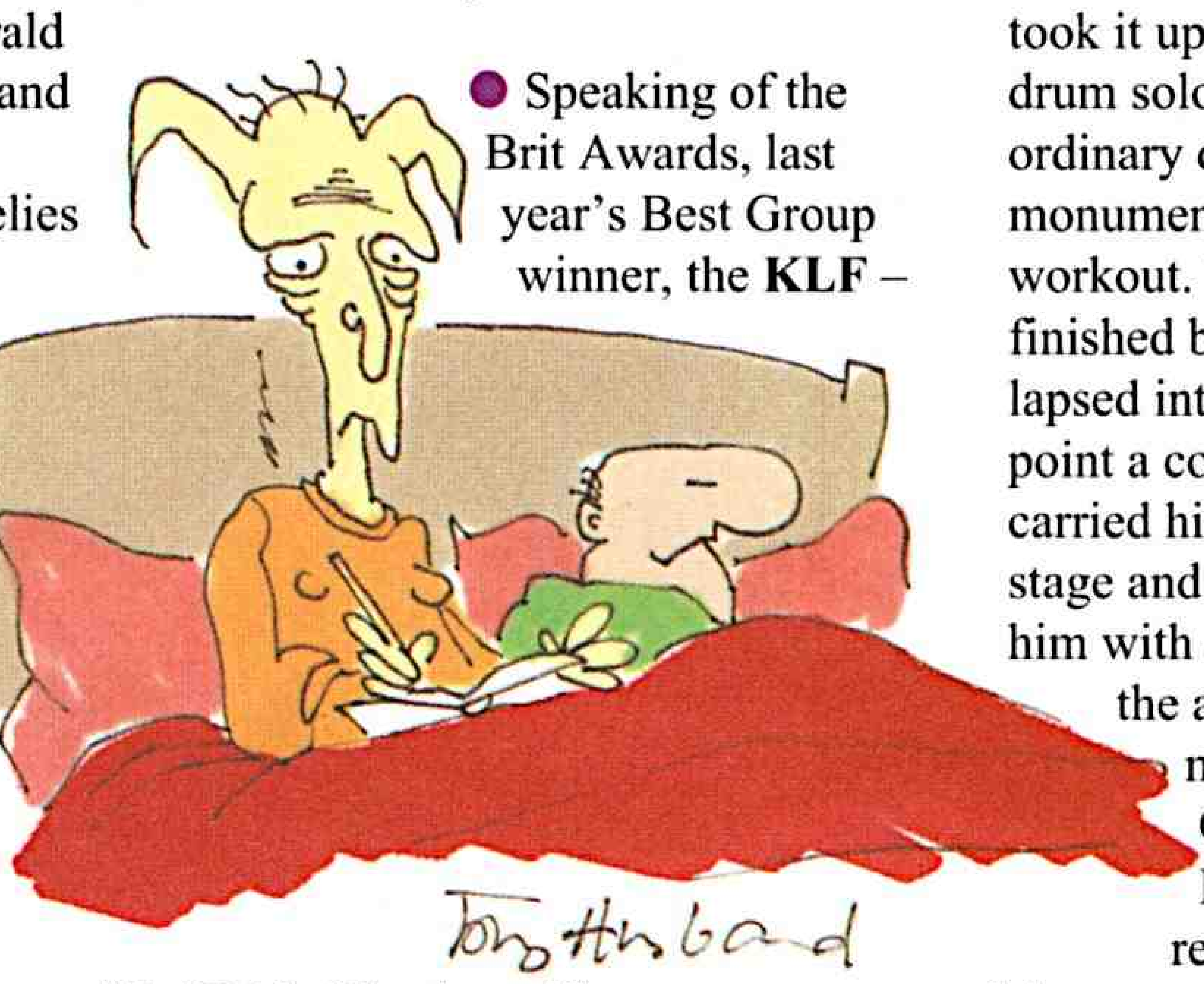
Yet again, this year's **Brit Awards** were a pretty sorry affair. A truly agonising list of performers, ranging from the ludicrous to the laughable, led the field of nominations and winners: I mean, Phil Collins and Joe Cocker for gawd's sake! Even most of the 'new' bands owe their entire success to their ability to sing a song that someone else wrote 20 years ago – Undercover, KWS and Take That, for instance.

*Sexy trio **The Good Girls** release their debut LP 'Just Call Me' this month. It's crap – but ain't they shaggable?*

The annual event – which is supposed to herald the global appeal and marketability of British music – belies a rather sad trend. More than 20 years ago, at the height of Beatlemania, the Fab Four held all top five places on the US chart and Brit pop was sweeping the globe.

But nowadays the sad fact is that barely one record in seven bought in America comes from this country; and we couldn't even scrape a single British artist into the top 50 LPs of 1992 in the States. Makes my blood boil!

What's even worse is that while all this was going on, the Yanks invaded our back yard by taking 35 percent of the UK market in 1992. The funny thing is all this has only happened since Leo Sayer scored his first hit. Makes you think...



"DAY 18. Charles still seems unaware of the changes in me..."

● Speaking of the Brit Awards, last year's Best Group winner, the **KLF** – who 'machine-gunned' the celebrity audience, prompting the hasty exit of an enraged Sir George Scholte, and went on to dump a dead sheep in the foyer – seem to have gone to ground. And so has their award, which was recently unearthed – literally.

The valued gong was dug up by a bemused farmer in the vicinity of Stonehenge. Though what the farmer was doing digging up our national heritage remains as much of a mystery as why the band actually buried their prize there in the first place. Phew, that's rock 'n' roll for you.

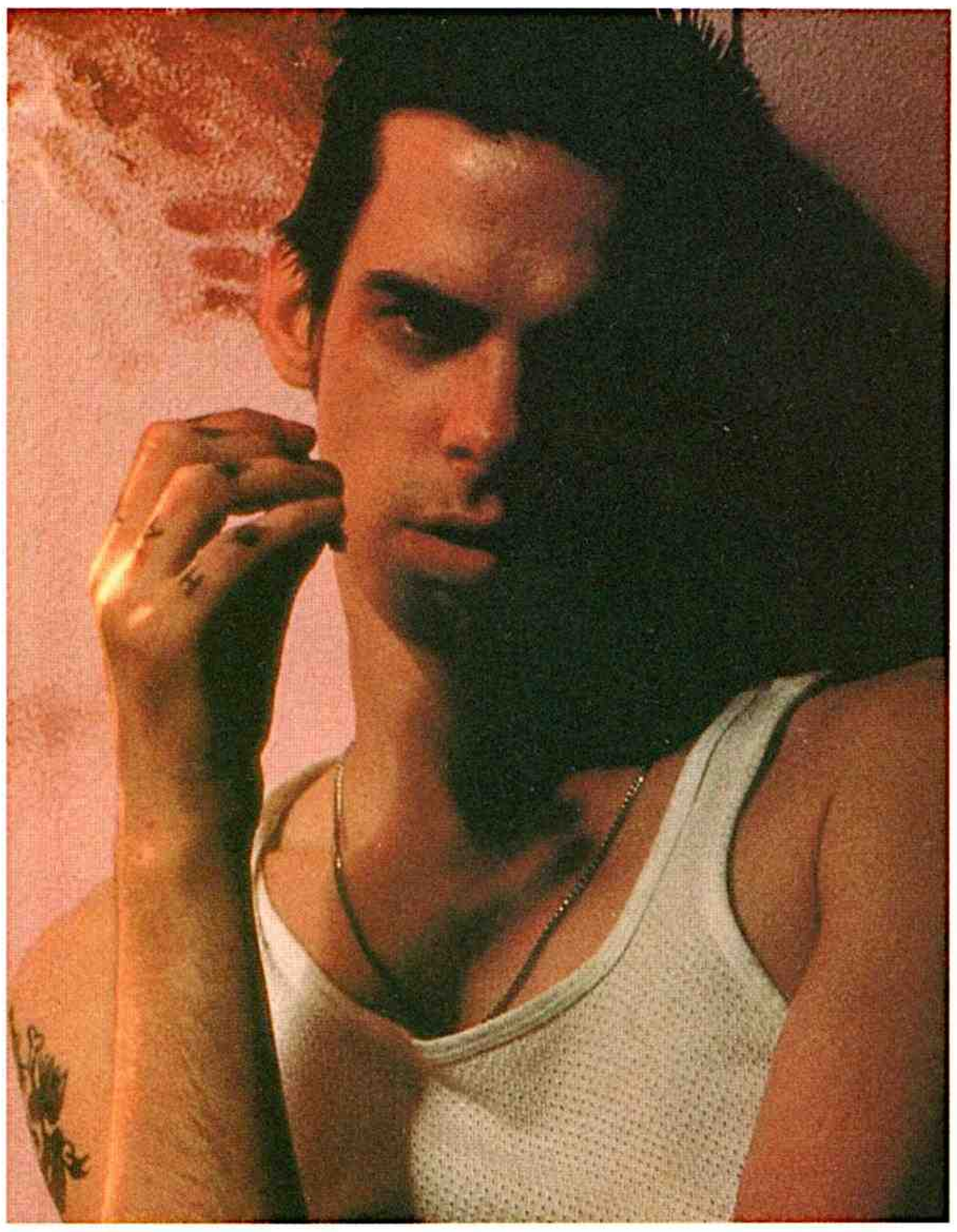
● But not all is sorrow... our old friends **Wilson Phillips** have just won an award for their recent *Shadows and Light* album.

Beating off stiff competition from Sinead O'Connor, Madonna, Neil Diamond and Michael Bolton, the 'Lips clinched the title of (drum roll, please) Worst LP of the Year from *The Los Angeles Times*. Still, never mind.

● Sixties supergroup **Cream** are threatening to reform. But don't worry, it's only for a single concert at their inauguration to the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame in Los Angeles later this year.

The trio are to receive the award for their services to music in the 60s... 1960s, I presume. Requirements for entry into the elite club state that the artists have to be dead – or if in a band, disbanded – for at least 25 years. So which of these applies to Cream then? And does this mean they'll take Gary Numan now, or do we have to wait until 2018?

Incidentally, during a concert in the late 60s, Cream's effervescent sticksman, Ginger Baker, took it upon himself to play a drum solo. Not just an ordinary drum solo, but a monumental twenty minute workout. When he finally finished bashing the skins he lapsed into a coma, at which point a couple of roadies carried him to the side of the stage and proceeded to revive him with oxygen. Then, to the amazement of band members Eric Clapton and Jack Bruce, Ginger returned to his stool and finished the concert!



Nick Cave: "I'm an entertainer!"

● What's the connection between **David Bowie**, **Phil Collins** and **Mick Jagger**? Well, we came up with a fair few spurious suggestions, but the truth is all three have crossed over onto celluloid, though with varying degrees of success: Bowie in *The Man Who Fell To Bits*, Collins in *Bastard* and Jagger in *(An Awful) Performance*.

Now set to join them is Aussie crooner **Nick Cave**, who's actually managed to give a credible performance. Out this month on video is *Ghosts Of The Civil Dead*, in which he stars as a maniacal prisoner. The film sparked controversy and debate on its release and comes highly recommended. The soundtrack, penned by Cave's own hand, ain't bad either.

● **Tom Robinson** is reissuing *War Baby* this month – but with a difference. As well as parting with the cash for the record, you'll also be asked to hand over a jumper to help Oxfam clothe the refugees of Eastern Europe. Thing is, will our fashion conscious Bosnian really want to be seen in anything a Tom Robinson fan would wear? I don't think so.

And where will it end? Carpet slippers for the next Stones single? Acne cream for Danni Minogue's 45? Hardly, but if it was lobotomies for Take That I'd be at the front of the queue. ♣

*The **KLF**: left without a leg to stand on*

Rachel

Photographs by Michael Moore

After her last appearance in Club (Vol 22 No 1) we just had to ask the ravishing Rachel back for a little bit more of her more than little bits!

"The pleasure's all mine," she purred, letting her top slip to the floor. "I love my job, and I really can't think of anything I'd rather be doing..."

Well, it's funny you say that, but we reckon there's quite a few readers out there that could, Rachel! ♣

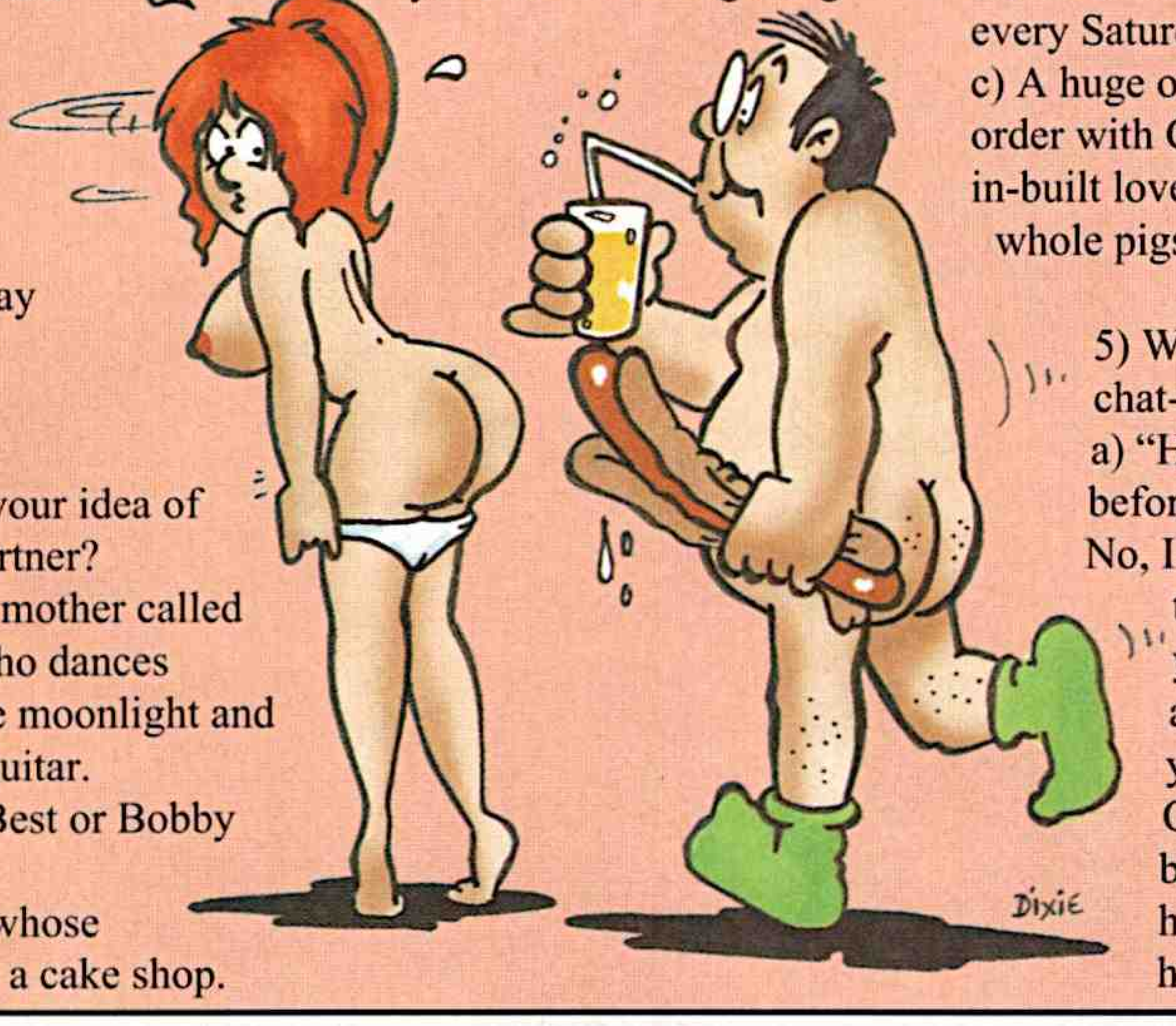
quiz

ARE YOU FAT?

Do kids in the street call you 'porky'? Do you struggle to get through lift doors? If the answers are yes, then you're fat. Test yourself and find out if you're a doughnut...

1) What springs to mind when you see a herd of cows?
a) A harmless gathering of beautiful, silent creatures, glorious in their nobility. We should all learn from their simple existence.
b) This field's too lumpy to play football on.
c) Dinner.

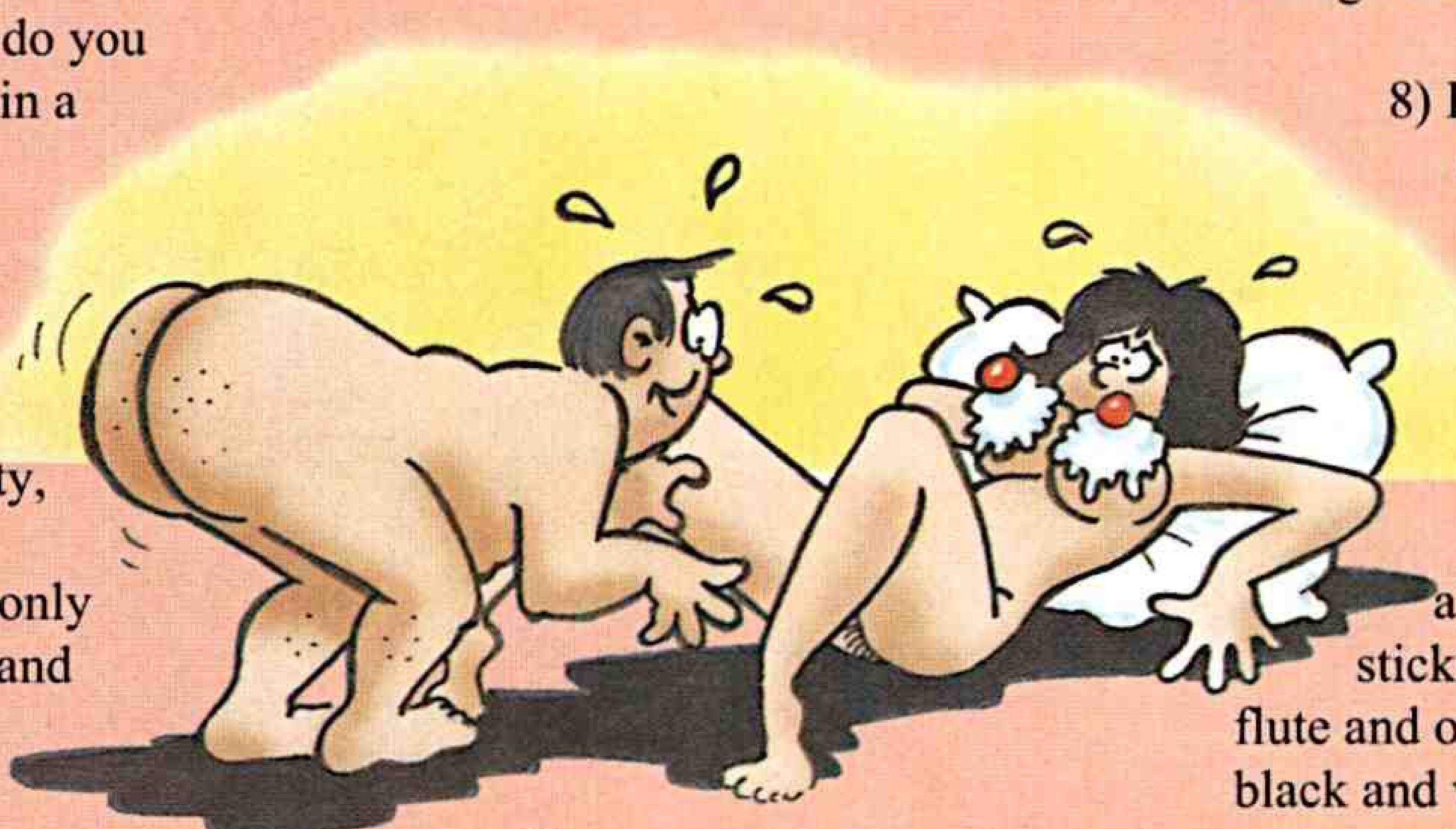
2) What is your idea of a perfect partner?
a) An earth mother called Rainbow who dances naked in the moonlight and plays folk guitar.
b) George Best or Bobby Charlton.
c) Anyone whose father owns a cake shop.



3) What is your definition of a marathon love session?
a) A lifetime of understanding and total devotion, forging a bond of love with your woman and getting married in a crop circle.
b) A shag at half time.
c) Ripping the wrappers off a dozen Snickers bars and rolling around on the bed shoving them down your throat.

4) What do you look for in a woman?
a) An inner beauty and tranquility, a peace attained only by truth and knowledge of one's inner psyche.
b) A blue and white scarf and the desire to stand freezing on the terraces watching you every Saturday.
c) A huge oven, a standing order with Cadbury's and an in-built love of cooking whole pigs.

5) What would your chat-up line be to her?
a) "Hello. We've met before, haven't we? No, I don't mean in this lifetime... you're an Aries, aren't you?... Do you like Mike Oldfield?"
b) "I never touched him see, but there he is rolling around clutching his leg and the ref saw what happened and I say I never touched him see, but there he is rolling around."
c) "I'm starving aren't you? Have you finished with those crisps yet? Have you got any spare chewing gum?"



6) What is your favourite position?
a) Bent double over a bowl of muesli on top of a cliff in the rain with a picture of Stonehenge in your hand.
b) Top of the league.
c) Immersed in a bath tub of jelly with a cream bun as a condom while your partner knocks at the door with a pizza delivery.

7) Where would you take your loved one on a date?
a) To a Steve Hillage gig, or to a cottage in the highlands to watch wholemeal crofters knit jumpers for the South American rain forest.
b) White Hart Lane.
c) To the nearest supermarket, then to the kitchen only to leave her there while you sit at the head of a thirty foot table waiting for her to completely cover it with enough food to flatten a tank.

8) If you were stranded on a desert island, what basics do you think you would need to survive?
a) Some incense sticks, a Peruvian nose flute and one of those huge black and white patterned scarves with bobbles at the end that everyone who hikes round Europe always wears.
b) The entire Arsenal football team and a Subbuteo.
c) A chain of MacDonalds, two kebab shops and the Peak Freans biscuit factory.

9) What happens if you stand still for too long?
a) I become one with the earth. My feet become roots and my arms branches as I reach up to the sky in one with nature.
b) I don't get picked. Or if I do I'll end up in goal.
c) Small children come running up and ask their mothers if they can have a go on that big pink bouncy castle.

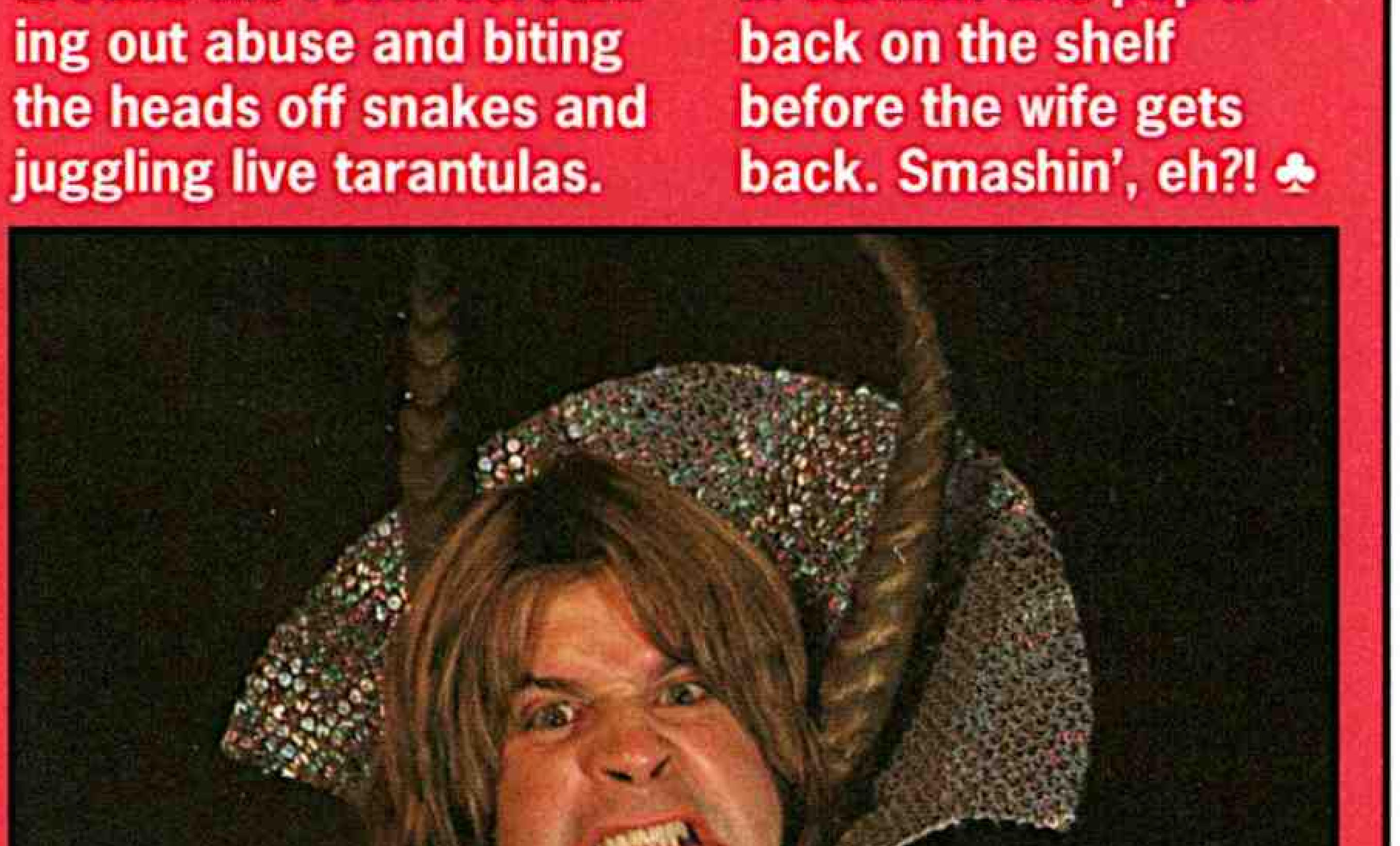
Book Repair With Ozzy Osbourne

Hello there. Today I'll be taking a look at books, and more specifically, how to take care of those special books you keep in the attic or proudly on display in your lounge.

Firstly, select the book you want to treat. Dust it with a clean, dry cloth before placing on a flat surface (the kitchen table is ideal). Then, using a soft brush dipped in solvent, gently clean off ingrained dirt.

At this point you should lift the whole book gently into your bedroom (or Shrine To The Evil One And His Children Of Darkness as my wife jokingly likes to call mine!) and place it on your ouija board before lighting some black candles and putting a cloak on. Then frizz your hair and leap around the room screaming out abuse and biting the heads off snakes and juggling live tarantulas.

Then, have a quick shower, cover the book in varnish and pop it back on the shelf before the wife gets back. Smashin', eh?! ♣



IN THE BAG

continued from page 5

made eye contact. True enough, his blue eyes were boring into mine. I gulped.

"Everything okay in there?" I said airily, quickly busying myself tidying up the shelves.

"I don't know, what do you think?" came the muffled reply. I walked over to the curtain and flung it back properly. The jeans didn't fit by a mile; the top three buttons were undone, as was his shirt.

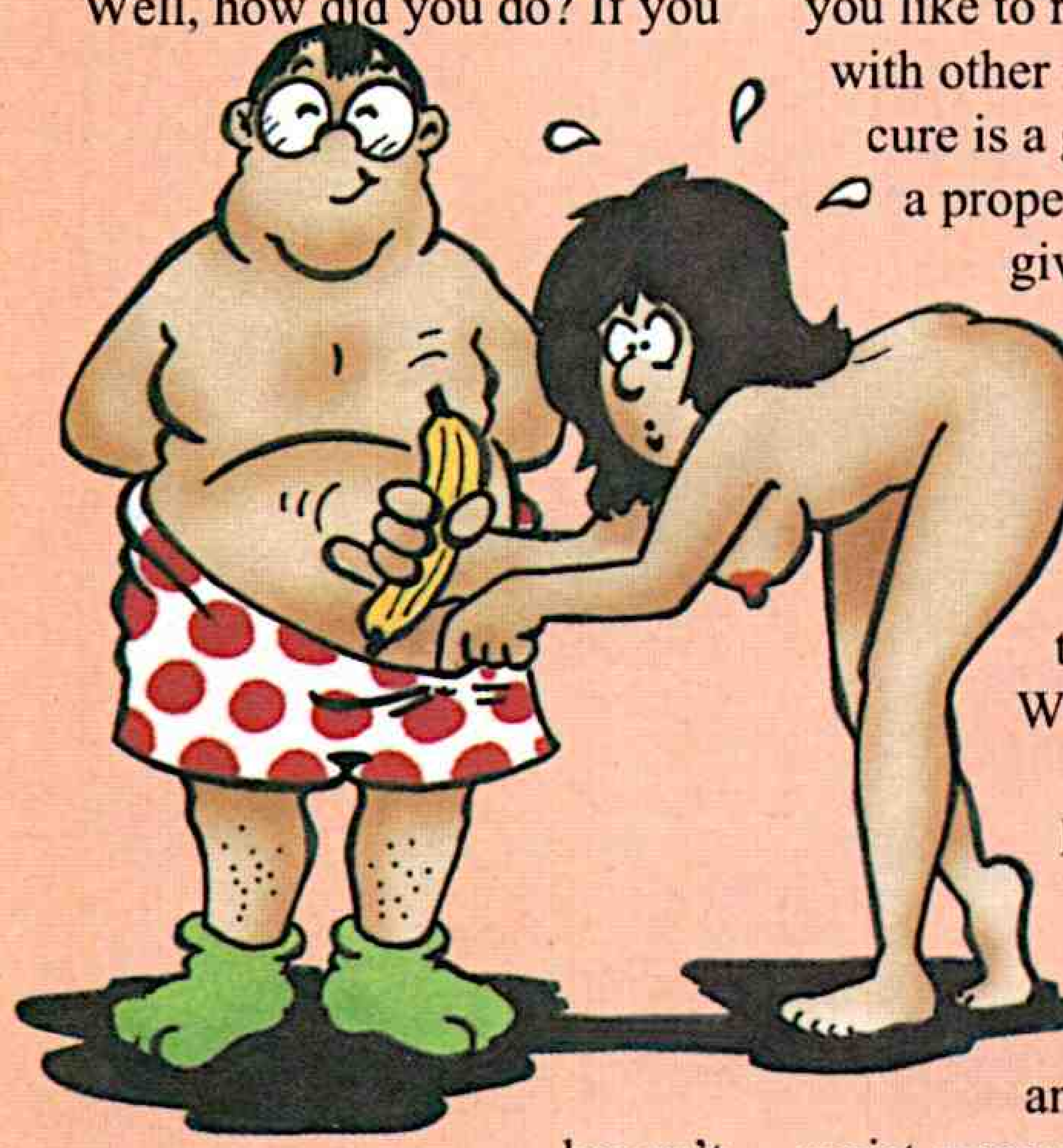
"Well, we'd better get those off, hadn't we?" I grinned, hardly realising how forward I was being. It was like I was in a dream as I pulled the curtain shut behind me and stepped closer. His hands came round my waist and grabbed my bum tightly.

"Yeah, I guess we had," he whispered, planting a kiss on my lips and wriggling out of his jeans. I knew it wouldn't be long till my boss came back from lunch so I had to be quick. I ripped off his t-shirt with one hand and undid my own blouse with the other.

He took over and soon we were both naked and slammed up against the wall of the changing room as he hoisted me up to waist level. Instinctively, my legs wrapped round his hips as my feet locked together round his back and, holding me tightly, he slowly guided his throbbing cock into me.

As I sank down onto him I put my arms round his neck and kissed him again, resting for a moment before he

10) What is your idea of exercise?
a) Dancing naked in the moonlight for two hours, then face painting your cat till dawn.
b) Having a bath with ten other men and a bar of soap.
c) Standing between the public and the elephant enclosure at the zoo in an attempt to catch the currant buns.



Well, how did you do? If you haven't eaten this quiz already there may be some hope. So put that shepherd's pie sandwich down, leave that pint of curry for a moment and check your score below.

Mostly As: No, you are not fat, but you *are* a hippy. It's all beads, long hair and sitting cross legged listening to World Music with two fingers up at everyone like Winston Churchill. You spout on and on about peace and love, but don't actually do anything practical about world harmony because you're too bloody stoned to get up off your arse. Pah!

Mostly Bs: Well, bad news. Again not a fatty, but you are a footballer. Your name is probably Tony or Dave and you like to run around fields with other men. The only cure is a good haircut and a proper job and don't give me that crap about it only being an innocent pastime that gives pleasure to millions either. Wanker.

Mostly Cs: Hello, Tubby! Yes, you're a Michelin Man and have the same waist measurements as a zeppelin. People mistake you for a land mass and you're so chunky if you sat on one end of a park bench the poor bugger on the other would be shot into space. You go on diets all the time but they just don't seem to work. Hey! I've got an idea! How about not eating so much fucking cake, fatso? ♣

GET FIRED WITH MAX VINALL

Why be a jerk and go to work when you can be a slob and lose your job? We present ten easy ways to get yourself sacked...

1) *The Abusive*
Wait till your boss says good morning, then scream, "Why don't you just fuck off?!", while doing a moonie and smacking him one.

2) *The Stupid*
Like Klinger from *MASH*, why not get the boot by acting barmy? Turn up at work in a suit of armour, pretend you're Belgian and say that you've got to leave early as you've got to tie a yellow ribbon around the old oak tree.

3) *The Kamikaze*
Ask your work-mates for help with your CV and ask your boss if he'd run through a mock interview with you just so you can get some practice in. Turn up at work the next day late in a suit saying things like, "Fingers crossed, guys!". Then phone up your girl-friend to tell her how well it went.

4) *The Extravagant*
Get Harrods to send round a case of cham-pagne, six pounds of caviar and a dozen oysters. Put it all on expenses, knock back the lot then burst into a board meeting com-pletely pissed and bring the whole lot up on the director's lap while slapping him on the back and tell him he's all right he is pal.

5) *The Treacherous*
Ring up your competitors and leak as much vital information as you can. Then lean back in your chair with your feet on the desk and make paper aeroplanes.

6) *The Randy*
Ask the director's daughter out on a date, sleep with her, get her pregnant and declare undying love. Then when she has the baby, tell her you're sorry but you're sleeping with someone else too. Not only will this get you the boot but you will also find your feet in a block of concrete on a one way ticket to the sea bed. With a black eye.

7) *The Childish*
Wait till your boss comes back from lunch a little tiddly and put a roller skate on the top of the stairs. Then wet yourself laughing as he gets airborne and crashes at your feet.

8) *The Dangerous*
Nick the keys to the boss's brand new BMW and take it speeding and ramraiding. Then bring it back and just stand beside it, proudly polishing the dents as he walks towards you with his three large friends.

9) *The Easy*
Don't turn up to work.

10. *The Even Easier*
Write crap like this! ♣

slowly started fucking me, my bum slapping against the wall with each thrust. I could hardly keep myself from gasping out loud as this total stranger filled my hot cunt with his cock and sent spasms rippling through my whole body.

I'd never done anything so naughty in all my life! What if somebody came in, I thought? What if a customer heard the noise and pulled the curtains open? But if thoughts of being found out were bothering me, they certainly weren't bothering my new man as he went into overdrive and started thrusting and grunting like an animal.

By now my legs were virtually under his arms as I lifted them higher to get as much of his lovely cock into me as possible and, as he eased me onto the floor, I lifted them even higher so that my knees were next to my tits as he powered himself in and out. I gasped with each stroke, staring at his straining face and hoping he wouldn't come too soon. It looked like he'd explode at any second!

He must have known it, too, because he quickly pulled out and kissed his way over my boobs and stomach until he sank his head between my legs. I could feel his tongue work its way around my little clit as he lapped like crazy at my juicy cunt, working as much of his tongue as he could up me.

My nails dug into the carpet as I felt my first orgasm build up in me and with a stifled scream I bucked my hips up into the air and I came, my love juice dripping like a tap onto his eager face. He didn't stop his slurping, and I could even hear him moan softly as he drank me dry. But now it was his turn and, pushing him back on the floor, I straddled his face again with my pussy as I grabbed the base of his shiny tool with one hand and began pumping away.

It looked so huge I really didn't think I could get that much of it in my mouth, but nothing was going to stop me trying and, lowering my head, I opened my mouth and sucked a good three quarters of his thick, solid cock over my tongue until his helmet touched the back of my throat.

He must've been more turned on than I thought, because I had barely begun licking my way up and down his shaft when I felt his rapid breathing stop. I knew he was about to come and I had to move fast. Quickly I brought my head up till my mouth was right over his cock just as the first spray of spunk squirted on to my face.

I felt it shoot over my tongue as I sank my head back down and swallowed spurt after spurt, gulping and swallowing as quickly as I could, desperately trying to keep up with the flow.

Eventually he slowed down and at last I could feel him softening. I instinctively glanced at my watch. One o'clock! My boss would be back any second! I stood up and frantically began dressing, trying to smooth my crumpled dress down as he just sat there laughing at my

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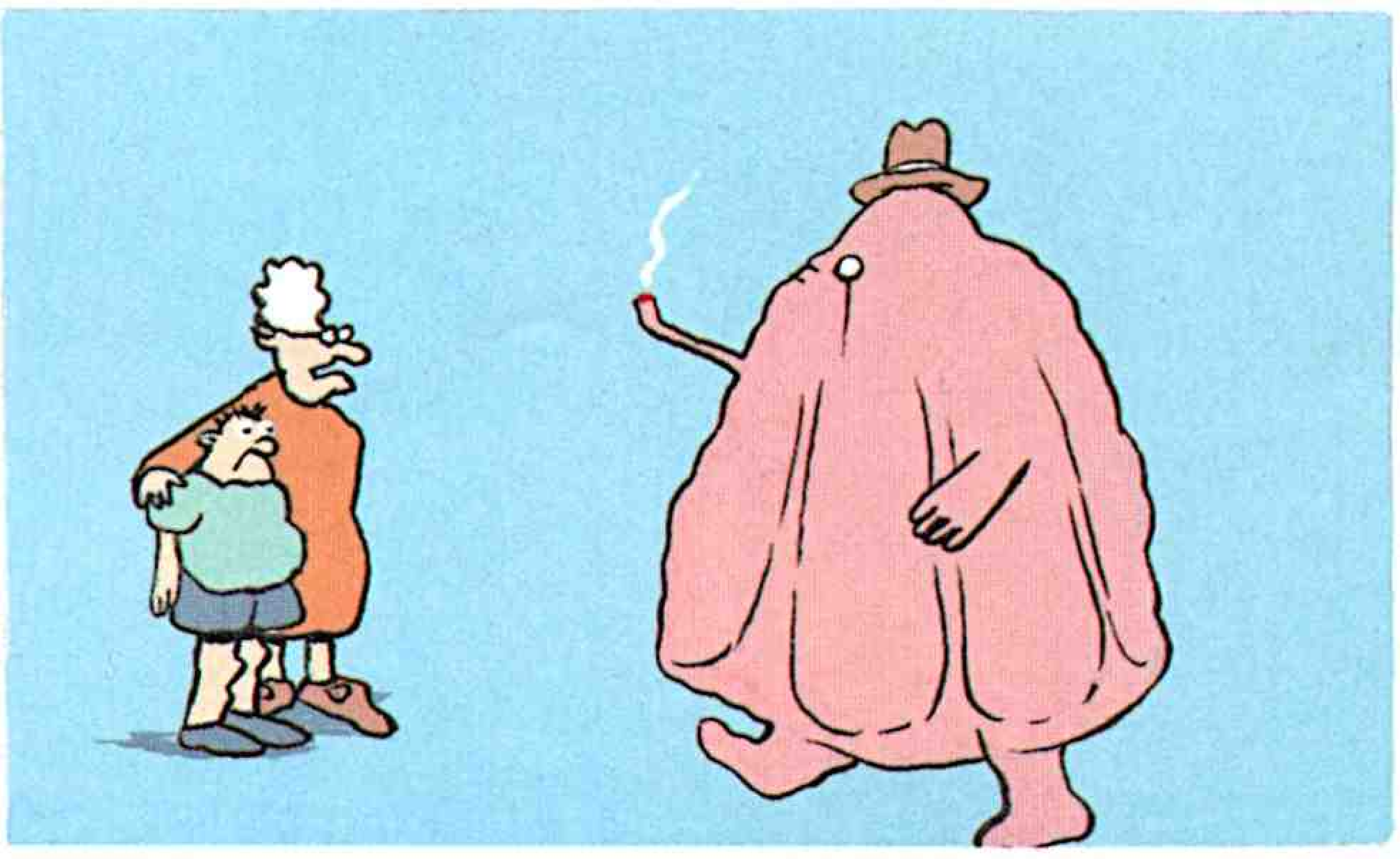


"When they made your Grandad, Tommy, they threw away the mould."

SHE'S ALL YOURS!

Lucy

Photographs by
Jack Harrison

I think I've had more requests from you lot to dress up as a frilly French maid than I have anything else. Well, anything else that I could tell you about!

You know, as soon as I slipped these fishnet stockings onto my long legs and stepped into my little black dress I could imagine myself working as a chambermaid at the Titz Hotel, maybe helping a nice young man settle into his room as he unpacks and gets ready for a nice hot bath.

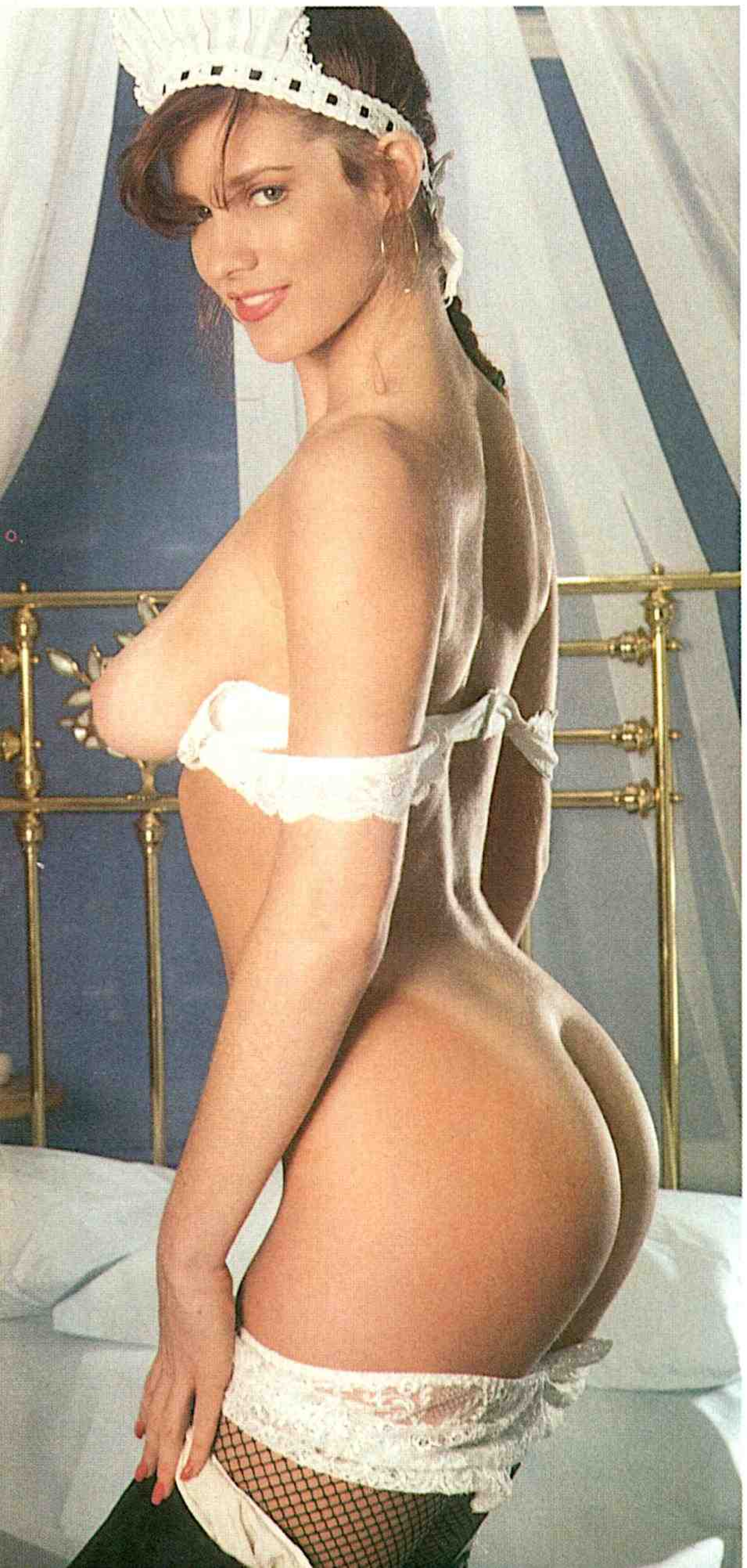
I can see it now, my skirt riding up to reveal my naked bottom as I bend over to test the water. Before I know it I feel a strong pair of hands slip round my waist as we fall into a passionate embrace — before falling into the bubble bath to really make some waves!

Oooh, I'm getting so wet now... and I'm still only thinking about it! Anyway, I'd better go, I think this duster is beginning to tickle my fancy.

See you next month!

Lucy x

If you want LUCY to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. If you'd like a signed photo, include a large stamped self-addressed envelope.



LETTERS TO Lucy

Dear Lucy,
I must say how pleased I was to see you in next to nothing in Club a few months ago!

I see from all your letters that most people like to see you dressed up in something outrageous like you're going to a fancy dress party, but I think you look your best in as little as possible.

Personally, the only thing I need to turn me on is a beautiful figure and a sexy smile and that 'come hither' look that you seem to have perfected!

So keep it up – I know I am! – *Roland, Colchester*
I agree, Roland, it is the sexiest thing in the world to see a lovely body all ready and waiting, but then again I do like to put the odd outfit on. Actually, the odder the better! It's like ripping off the wrapping paper to find a lovely present underneath. Would I be just what you always wanted?

Dear Lucy,
Talk about keeping fit! After seeing you in that gym last month I couldn't wait to have a good workout with my wife (if you get my meaning!).

She looks a little like you, long auburn hair and beautiful bosoms – although to tell the truth I think she could do with an hour or two down the gym a bit more than me – and often when we're making love I imagine it's you there instead of her. It's all I can do not to call out your name!

Isn't that awful of me? I wonder if your boyfriend pretends he's shagging my Maureen... – *Ray, Hemel Hempstead*
I doubt it, Ray, because if he ever called out another woman's name he'd be out that window quicker than a convict's bedsheets!

Still, thanks for the compliment, and let's just hope she isn't reading this!

Dear Lucy,
Any chance of a Tarzan and Jane set?

I only ask because the thought of you in two pieces of skimpy suede swinging in the breeze gives me an erection the size of one of those elephants! – *Bill, Ely*
Sounds vine to me! Well, it is *a jungle out there, and the thought of snuggling up to an animal with a big hairy chest at the end of the day does sound appealing.*

Then, after giving Cheetah a hug, you'd be next!♣

CLUB'S LAW

There are many little things in life that piss us off – and not all of them are Ronnie Corbett. **Roger D'Erarsoff** poses the questions that have baffled mankind for, ooh, 20 minutes...

- If you go to a party with your woman in tow you are suddenly witty, attractive and surrounded by stunning birds who are gagging for you – but you are attached and can't take advantage. If you go on your own, every woman is a Roseanne clone who thinks you're a greasy pratt. Why is this?

- If all those girls in the Lonely Hearts ads are really so attractive, what are they doing in there in the first place?

- Why does a condom make your dick look like a Walls' Pork Sausage?

- Why do women in stockings look horny, while men in socks just look like Max Wall?

- Why is it that the time that you do actually manage to get a condom on with no trouble it is inside out? *(Actually, I must point out that you can't put a condom on inside out. It won't roll down. Or have you never tried? – Ed.)*

- Why, when you are in the bog at work, do you only have a really noisy crap when there is someone in the cubicle next to you?

- Why are your bollocks, the two most sensitive bits of your body, on the outside?

- Why does sperm smell like pancake mix?

- Why can't women tell jokes as well as men?

- Why aren't racehorses called Derek?

- Why, when you've had a skinful and arrive late back home to the house that you've lived in for five years, do you trip over every fucking thing that you've ever owned?

- Why can nobody remember past the first verse of *Auld Lang Syne*?

- What or who is Auld Lang Syne?

- Why are someone else's girlfriend's tits more interesting than the ones your own girlfriend has?

- How comes it's only women that get multiple orgasms?

- Why, when a barman has an acre of bar to put your change on, does he pick the bit with an ocean of beer on it?

- Why do women never know how to wank you off properly, and however much they practise you can always do it better yourself?

- Why don't women like football?

- Why do women always want to talk after sex? Haven't they heard of sleep?

- What is the biological logic behind giving men hairy arses?

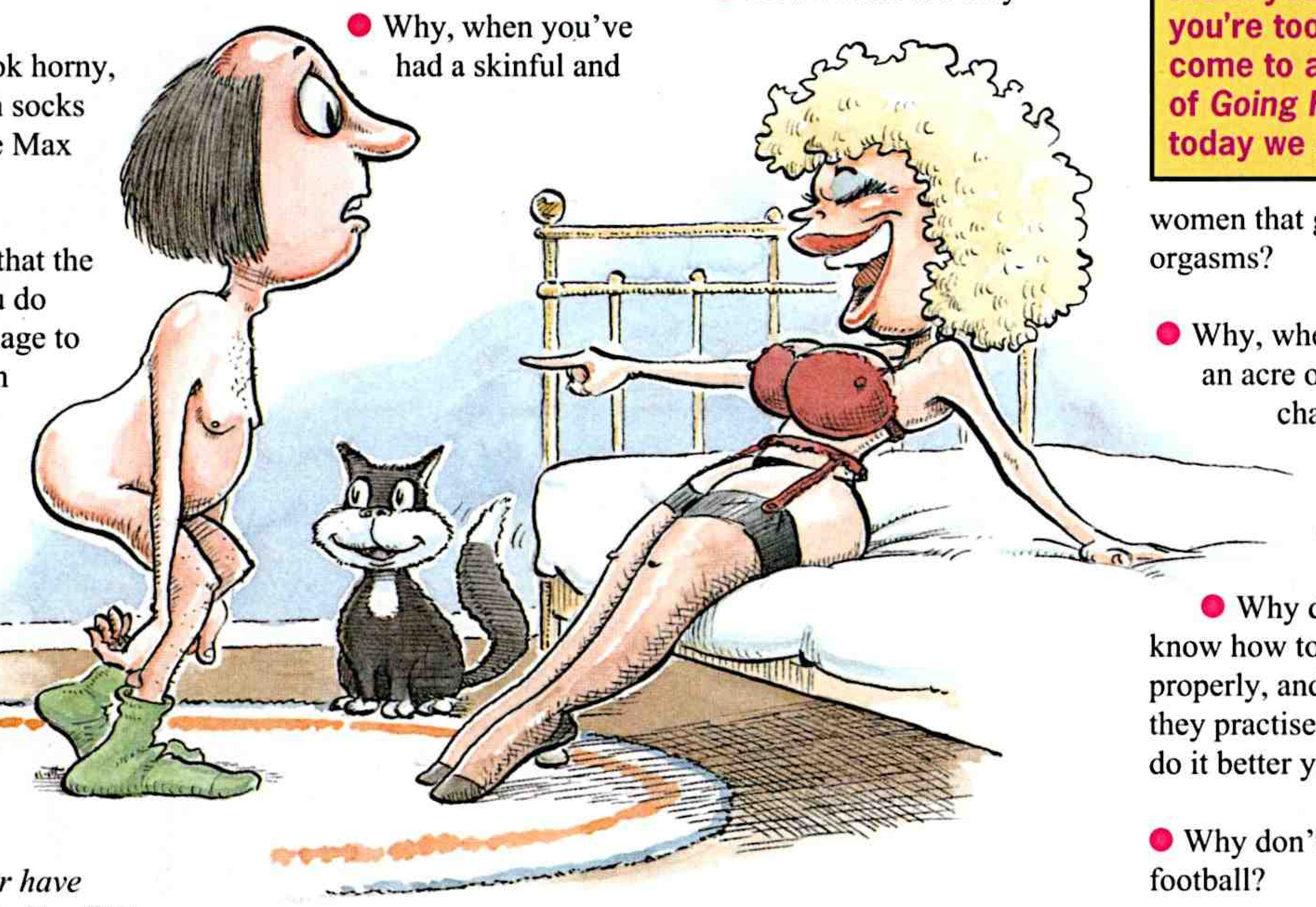
- Why can us men keep everything we need for a night out in our trouser pockets, while women have to carry so much shit in a bag it would break the back of a pack mule?

- Why do you never fantasise about your own woman?

- Why doesn't someone invent a condom that smells like your knob?

- Why is it that when you are getting sucked off and you are just about to spunk, your partner stops to retrieve a pubic hair from her throat?

- Why don't women orgasm quicker?



TEN SENSE

This month, instead of offering you useless things to do, we've rustled up some stupid things to say. So pull up a kilt, buff up your food mixer, sit down by yourself in a darkened room and repeat the following...

1) **"Thank God it's you, doctor! It just went off in my hand... but will she be alright?"**

2) **"Good morning, thank you, thank you, you're too kind. Welcome to another edition of *Going For Gold* and today we are joined by**

Dear Clarissa,

You have to be the sexiest girl that has ever appeared in Club – a perfect ten, without a doubt. I've been reading Club for about five years now, and I was speechless when I saw your photos in the magazine (Vol 21 No 2).

You said it best: "You guys love to see a well-filled bra" – you must have been reading my mind, Clarissa! Lovely pert tits, a thoroughly lickable bum and the sexiest smile that I've ever seen: you've got it all. I could feel my cock pulsing as I slowly flicked through your pictures; but nothing could have prepared me for the centre pages – sheer heaven!

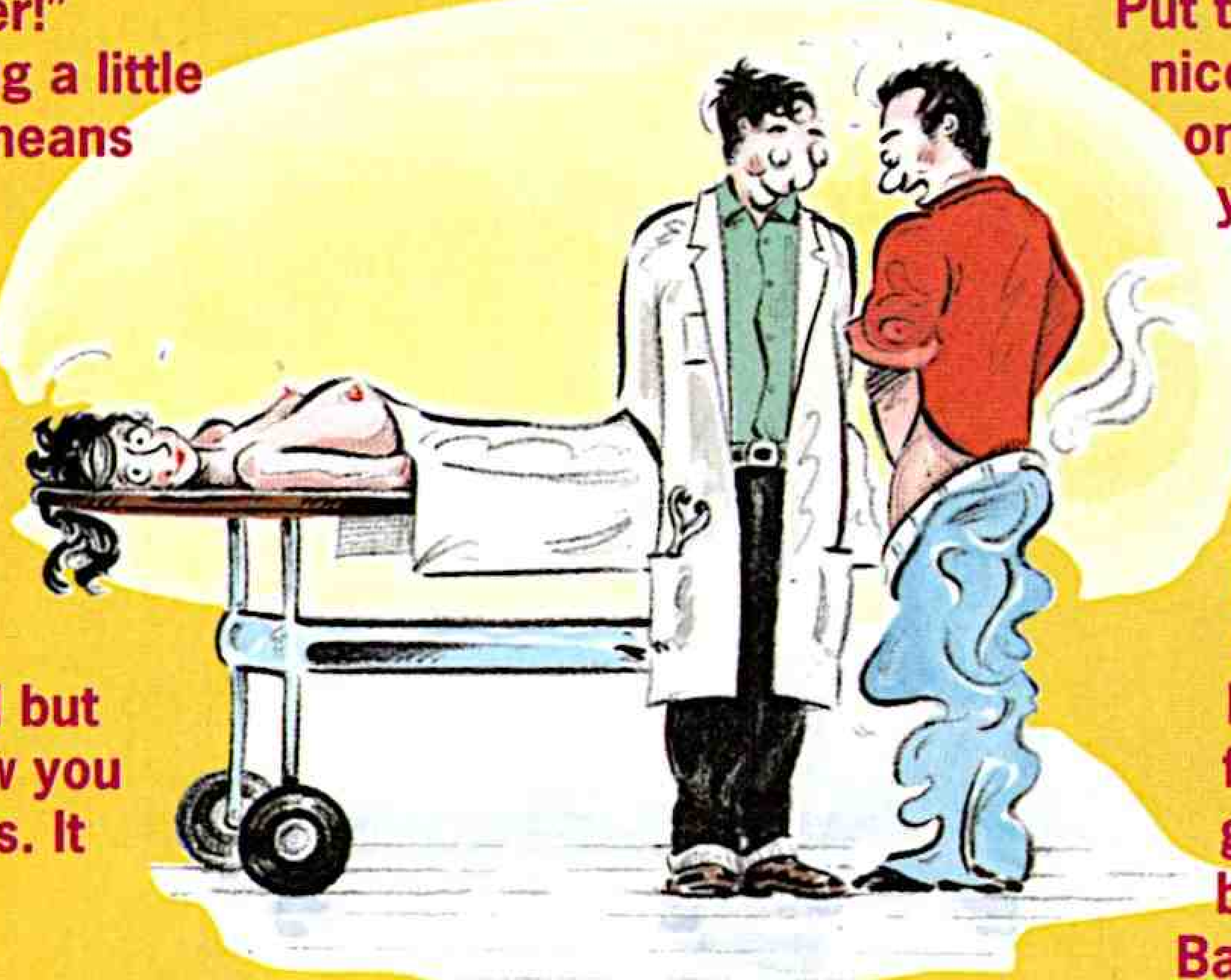
I bought a few extra copies too; just so that I can see your smiling face – and the rest – in every room in my house. Thanks for making my year, Clarissa! – *Martin, Leamington Spa*

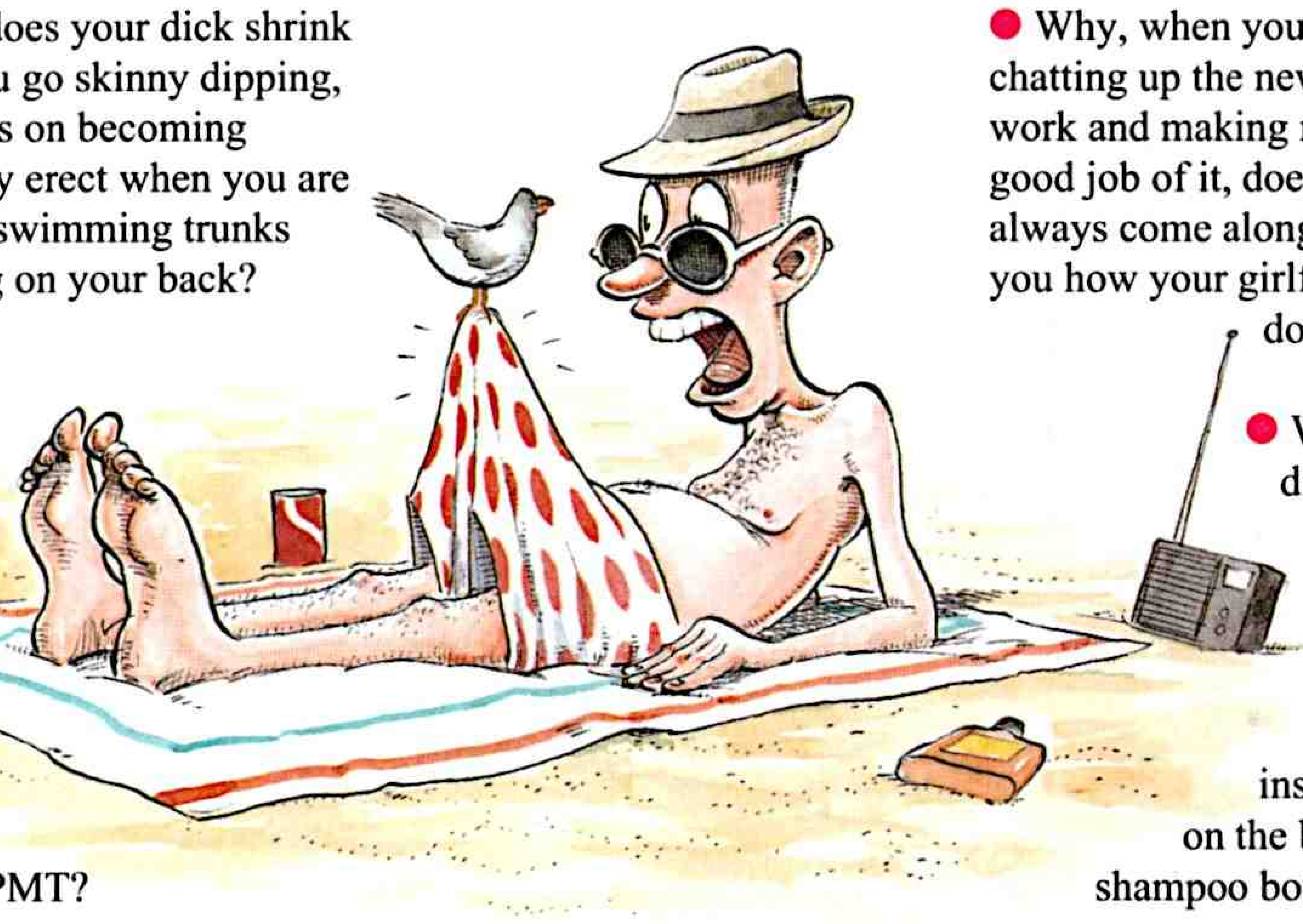
Wow... this is the sort of letter I like, Martin – short and straight to the point! I'm glad that you liked my pictures; I got just as big a thrill as you did when I saw them in Club for the first time.

When I was posing for them, I couldn't help thinking about really naughty things, like all you fellas getting turned on as you looked at my breasts, or every delicious fold of my pussy! Thing is, by the end of the shoot I was so hot I had to nip off to the toilet to ease a finger inside my wet pussy. I tried to take my wanking session nice and slow, but I couldn't stop coming after only a couple of minutes: that's how horny I was! – *Clarissa* ♣

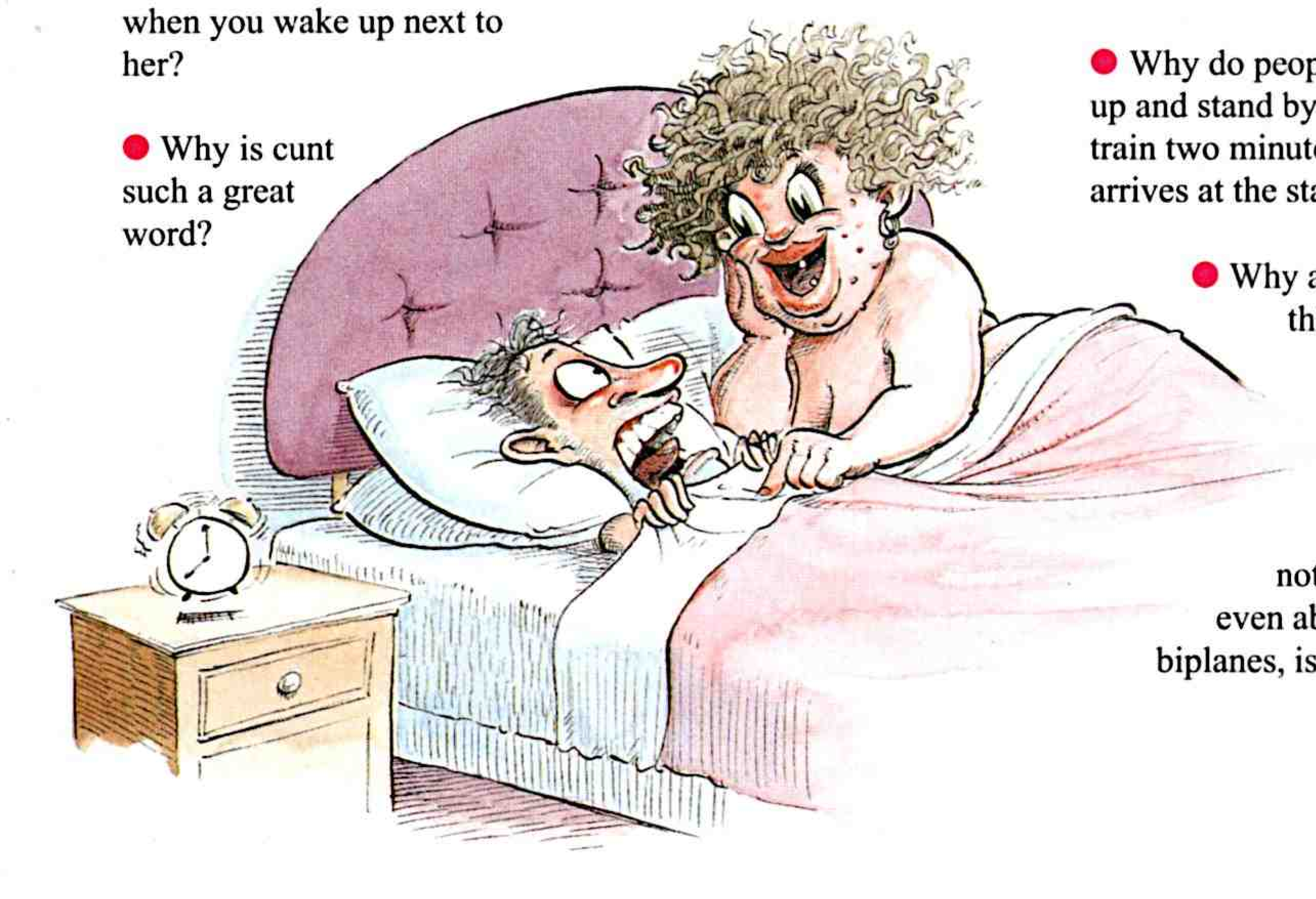
LESS THINGS

contestant number one Olaf from Sweden..."
3) "Ha! Do you think that hurt? Do you? Well, I'll never talk! Never!"
4) "I'd like to sing a little song now that means a lot to me."
5) "Ah, Mr Bond. How good of you to join us. You will soon witness the destruction of your little island but first let me show you some of my pets. It *is* their feeding time..."
6) "And if we take a look at the satellite picture we can see this depression moving in from the west bringing with it some rain, heavy at times."
7) "So. You want me to hide them in my cellar do you? Don't you know this is the first place they'll look, woman?!"
8) "That's right, Ned. Put the gun down, nice an' slow. No-one's gonna hurt you, Ned. Trust me."
9) "That goddam ball was in!"
10) "Yes, well I'd like it nice and curly at the back and put a few wisps of grey in like that bloke has off Baywatch." ♣





- Why does your dick shrink when you go skinny dipping, yet insists on becoming extremely erect when you are wearing swimming trunks and lying on your back?
- Why PMT?
- Why do good looking women go out with men who are patently unsuitable for them?
- Why do you pull a face like a sea lion sucking a lemon when you come?
- Why pubic hair?
- Why does the girl, who was very beautiful when you drunkenly pulled her the night before, actually have a face like a pepperoni pizza when you wake up next to her?
- Why is cunt such a great word?
- Why is it that the women who sit with their legs open so you can see up their skirt are always pensioners?
- Why do women always need masses of cotton wool? I mean, what do they *do* with the stuff?
- Why can't pussies smell like real ale rather than scampi flavoured crisps?
- Why is the word "anorak" so deeply unpleasant?
- Why, when you are chatting up the new girl at work and making rather a good job of it, does someone always come along and ask you how your girlfriend is doing?
- Who buys diamond patterned socks?
- Why are there instructions on the back of shampoo bottles?
- Why, when you do a crap round someone else's house and it leaves a massive skid in the bowl, do they never possess a bog brush?
- Why Belgium?
- How come the presenter of *Blue Peter* gets to shag Catherine Zeta Jones?
- Why polyester Y-fronts?
- Why does she always have a headache?
- Why do people always get up and stand by the door of a train two minutes before it arrives at the station?
- Why am I writing this, and why aren't you looking at the pictures? I mean, it's not as if it's even about 1914 biplanes, is it? ♣



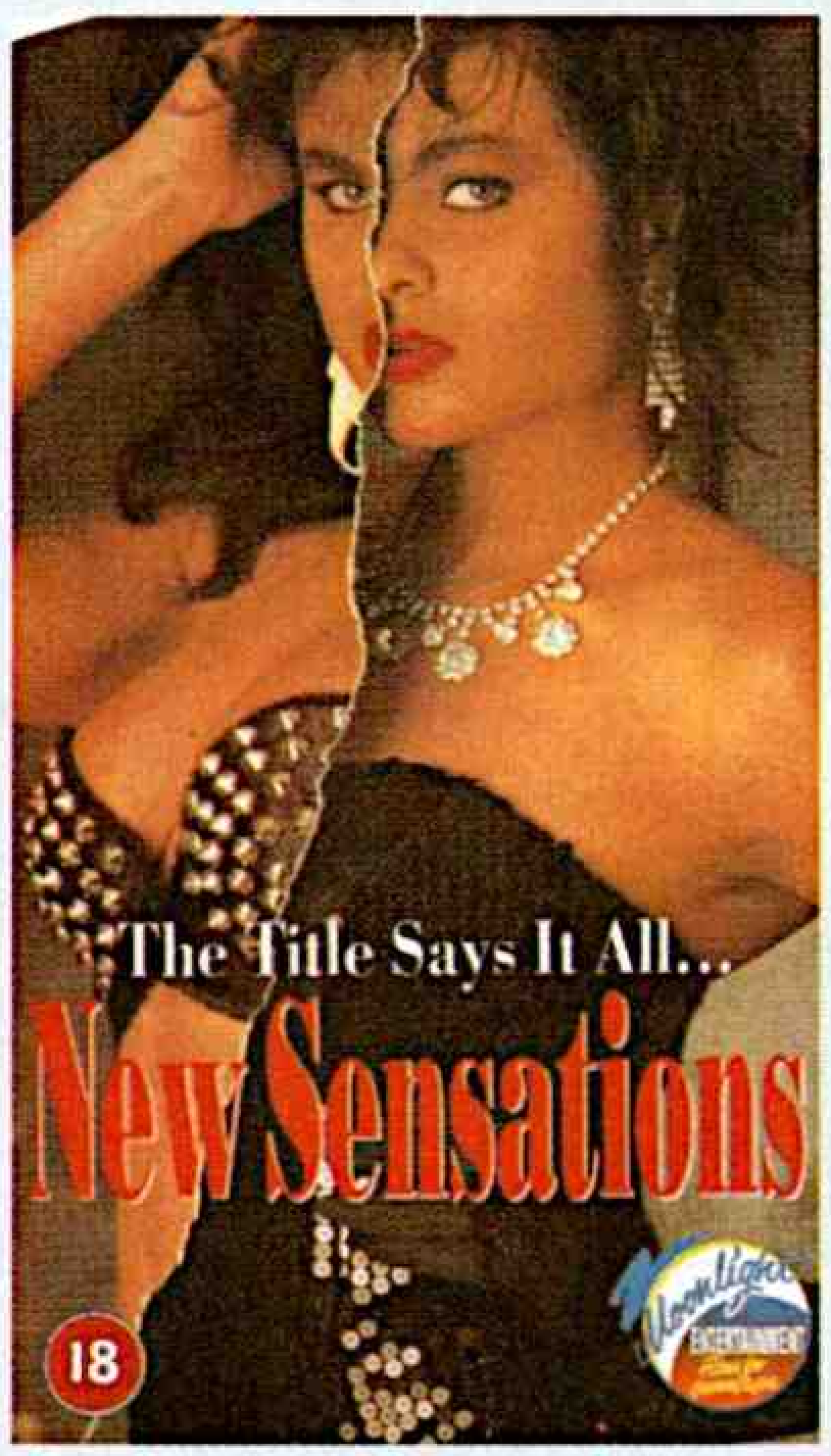
OH MY GAWD... MORE DIRTY VIDEOS!!

Here at Club we like to do our bit for everyone; the poor, the needy, the butch, the weedy. We are the kindly uncle of you all, the fairy godmother of goodwill, the warm, snuggly, fluffy old grandad with the white beard and the incontinence problem. Yes, we're giving things away again.

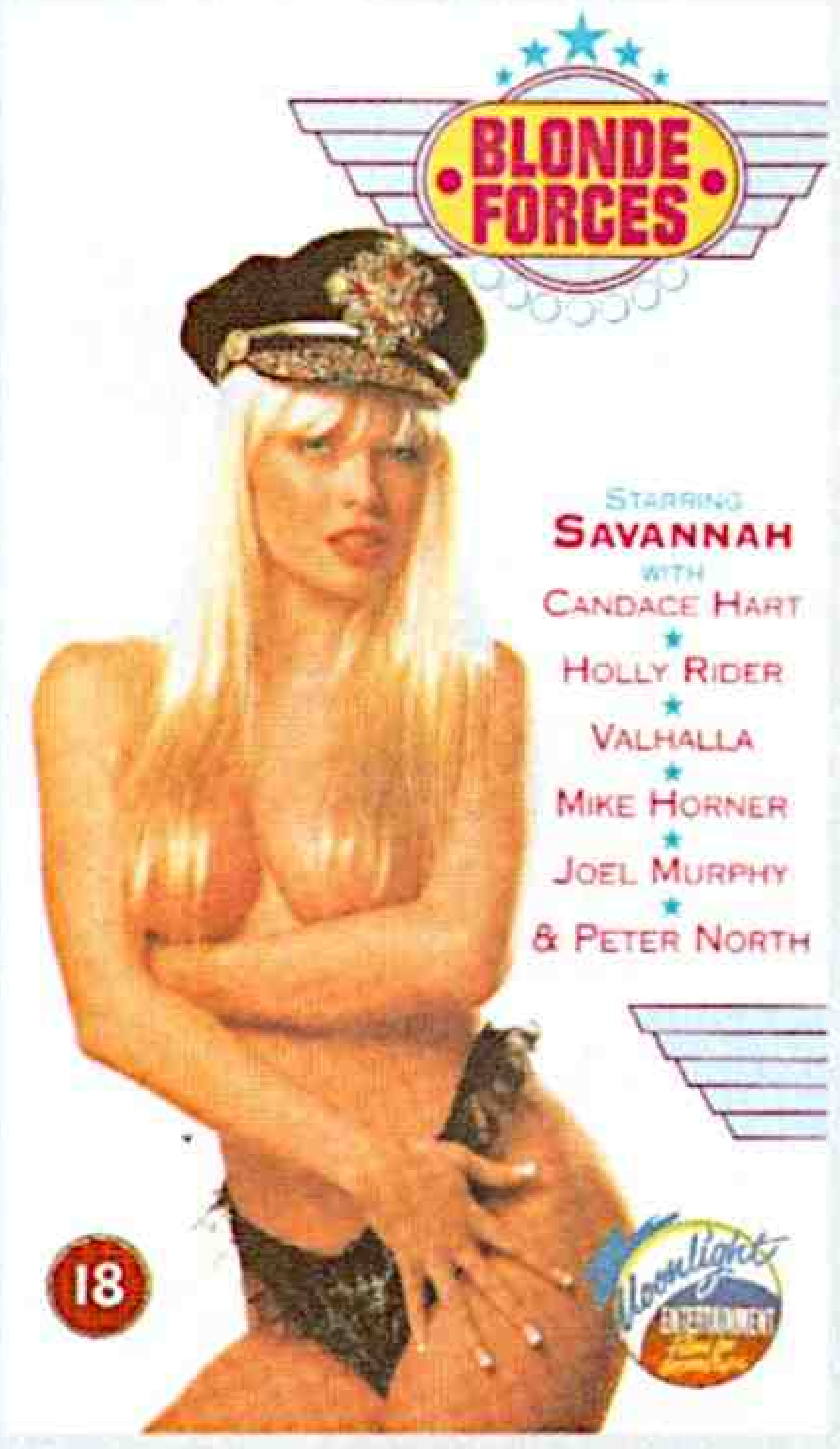
This month we concentrate our love on you stay-at-homes, you miserable sods who are too tight to go to the cinema, and too grumpy to socialise. Bit like us, really.

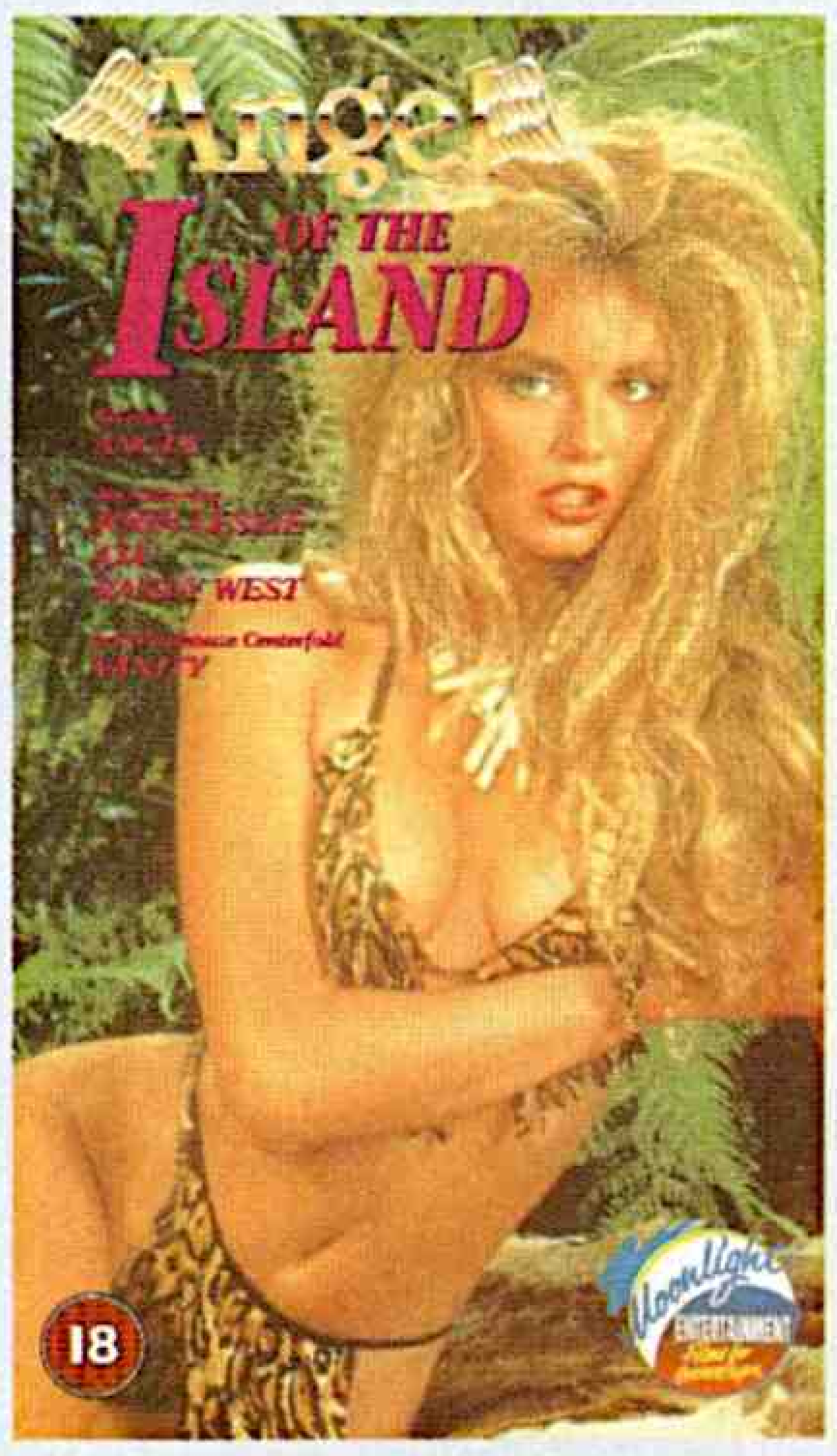
And what have we got for you? Only four of the hottest new releases from Moonlight Productions ('Films For Grown-Ups', they tell us) ranging from the private dick story of *Legend* to the bosom-bouncing bimbettes of *Blonde Forces*, then roving from the naughty *New Sensations* over the sun-kissed hills to the tropically teasing delights of *Angel of the Island*. Loads of birds in various states of undress and with equally invisible plot and panty lines.

So what do you have to do to get a copy? Brave the weather and go to the video shop? No. Buy one from us? No. We have five copies of each title to give away, as well as a mystery title, and one could be yours for absolutely nuffink! Oh happy day.



The Title Says It All...
New Sensations
18





Entering couldn't be easier. Simply finish the following saying by Middle of the Road in no less than ten words: "I woke up this morning and my momma had gone. Oooh eeee..."

Send your answers on a postcard to Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE, and mark them "Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep competition".

Bear in mind that wacky postcards won't win. Pictures of Cindy Crawford, however, will. ♣

Kelly

Photographs by Maria Clarke

Curvy Kelly may look a racey and lacy blonde, but actually she has to be the most modest model we have ever met.

"Well, I really never thought I had much of a body until I went to Greece with a few of the girls from work. Just as I was peeling off on the beach this photographer came rushing up to me, gabbling away and waving his arms around. I eventually found out he wanted me to appear

nude in a shoot he was doing. Honestly, I didn't know where to put my face..."

Don't say you turned him down!

"Of course I did! But then it got me thinking. I realised I had the sort of body that men liked the look of; firm bosoms, slim waist, long blonde hair – so when I got home I thought I'd start modelling for real.

"And this is my first shoot. How do you think I did? Do I come up to your expectations?"

Definitely, we told her. And we hope we can come up to yours one day, too! ♣

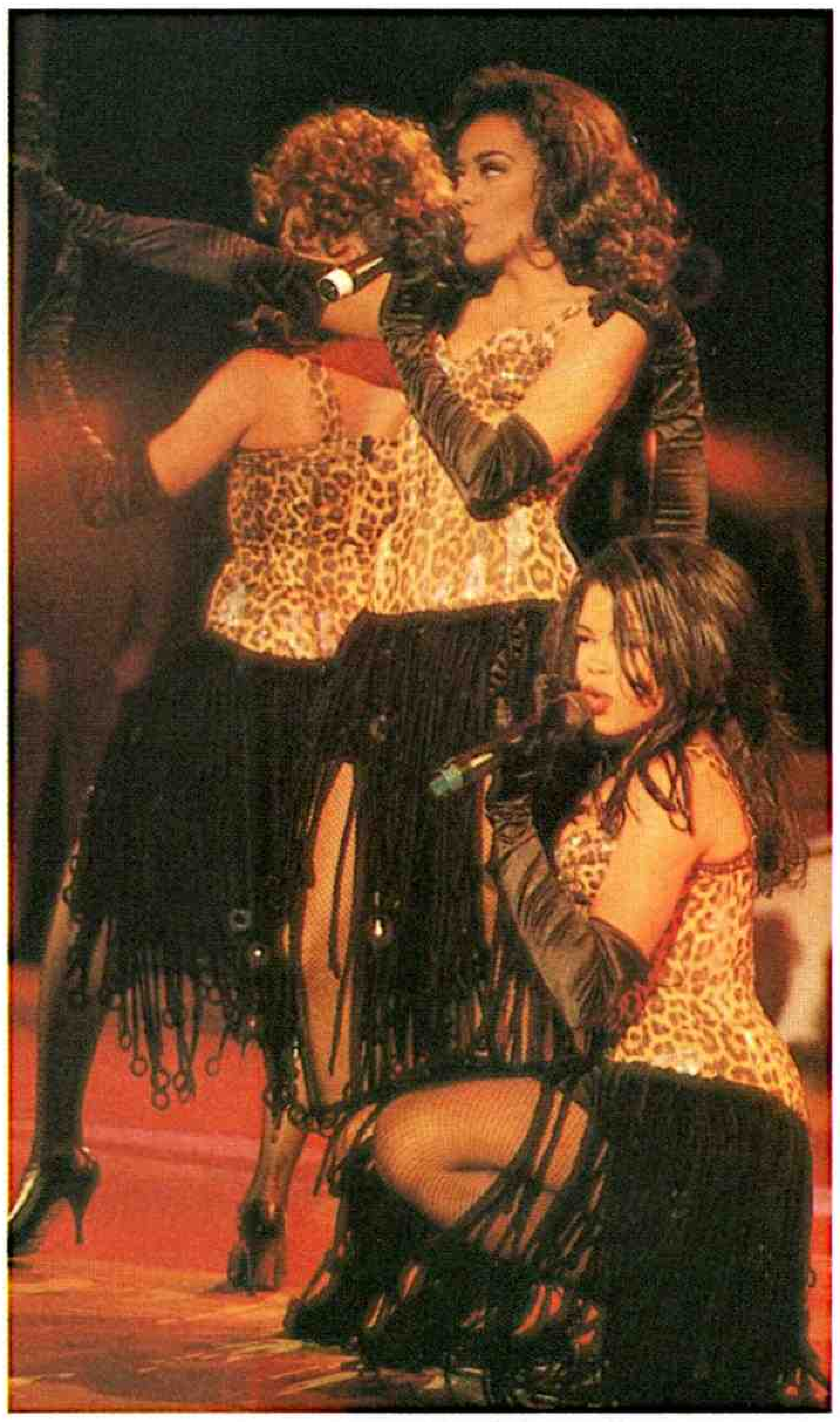
en vogue

The funky divas of bump 'n' grind, En Vogue are the sexiest thing on eight legs. For his own safety, a drooling **Andy Lomax** could only handle two legs, namely in the shapely form of sexy Cindy...

In my book there's three types of music: music to listen to, music to dance to and music to shag to. En Vogue's output comes into the last category: they're four funky females who pump out loin-lurching, hip swinging tunes with a 'fuck me' beat and ball bustin' basslines. Let's put it this way, you wouldn't kick these girls out of bed for eating crisps...

"I love the way that we look and sound sexy," confesses En Vogue's Cindy. "I love to feel sexy and womanly."

Do they actually realise the



"I love to feel sexy!"

effect they have on men?

"Sure men think we're sexy and they dream that they can take us out," she laughs. "When I was younger I never got phased by men. The ones that are into us now react very differently. We get both young and old guys approaching us all the time. Some of them are scared because we're famous. But some are really bold too."

And do they ever get close?

"Once we get outside the venue we meet a lot of guys hanging around our tour bus. It's fun. But I'm sure if they were to see us in our everyday look – in jeans and no make-up – they would soon think we were pretty bummy."

Who gets the most attention in the group?

"Oh, it's pretty even," she says diplomatically. "We all get the same response from men." Take your pick, fellas...

But imagine, I ask her, just for a moment, that the situation is reversed and she wanted to get a man's attention – how would she get herself noticed?

"I would find out what he'd like me to wear. Some guys like short, tight dresses and if he liked that then I'd wear it just for him. Then again, some other guys like to leave something to the imagination. I absolutely love to dress up for a guy!"

So if the lucky man in question likes short skirts, she'd wear one?

"Absolutely... yeah!"

What about underneath? Would she also take her choice of, err, cough-cough, knickers into consideration when trying to attract a member of the opposite sex?

"I think it's very important – especially if a man is going to see your underwear, you know! I think that men like to see women in sexy underwear. For me to wear sexy underwear, I have to feel that my body is in shape."

Well, it looks OK to me...

"I think I worry too much. I'm always thinking that I hate my body. I hate my bum..."

We love your bum!

"Another thing that men like," continues Cindy, warming to the subject, "is perfume. They like a woman to smell good. I will always wear perfume. I like to walk past a man and leave a fragrance in the air, so they can really sniff it in. Men tend to react more to really subtle perfumes."

She sounds like a seasoned man-hunter...

"I'd never go after a guy directly. I'd make myself noticed, I'd be the bait, I guess! We women have ways of making guys notice us, just through a look or a signal. Though if I really wanted to, I'd just go up and say hello and be myself."

And what does Cindy find sexy in a man?

"I like Calvin Klein underwear. You know, the sort that shows off the contours of the body. Also I like those cute all-in-one bodysuits too."

The next is an odd question, maybe, but one that's been revealing in the past. Given the choice between a hot bath, shopping and having sex, which would Cindy go for?

"That would depend on what mood I was in," she says, sounding a bit flirty.

Let's say she's in a good mood?

"I might want to pamper myself in a hot tub or I might feel like staying in and..."

Yes, yes!!!

"Reading a book, maybe," she teases.

So no, err, sex?

"I think we spend far too much time talking about sex," she says with a giggle.

OK then, I sigh, let's get on to the boring questions about her music, background and so on...

"Sorry! Gotta go," she laughs. "Still, we've done all the naughty stuff – and that's what you really wanted, isn't it?" And with that, she's gone, leaving nothing but a whiff of perfume.

Hmm. She's a bit of a tease, our Cindy. But she can tease me again any time she likes... ♣

sport

ON THE ROPES

The gloves are off for sports scribe **Maurice Short** as he launches into British boxing. Round one, thank-yer-ladees-an-gennelmen...

It used to be a favourite adage of mine that when it came to gambling, if you always bet on American sprinters and football teams from Liverpool, and against British heavyweight boxers, you'd be in perpetual credit at the bookies. Which probably explains why my house has just been repossessed.

Lennox 'The Pearly King' Lewis sees off Donovan 'The Bic' Ruddock

What ever happened to the sporting sure thing? I mean, first of all there was Linford Christie, then the Merseyside men flopped like a septuagenarian stripper's assets during her finale. (Okay, I know Tranmere "done brilliant", but that was my fourth unwritten rule of wagering: never put money on a team called Rovers – thanks a bunch Mr Walker!).

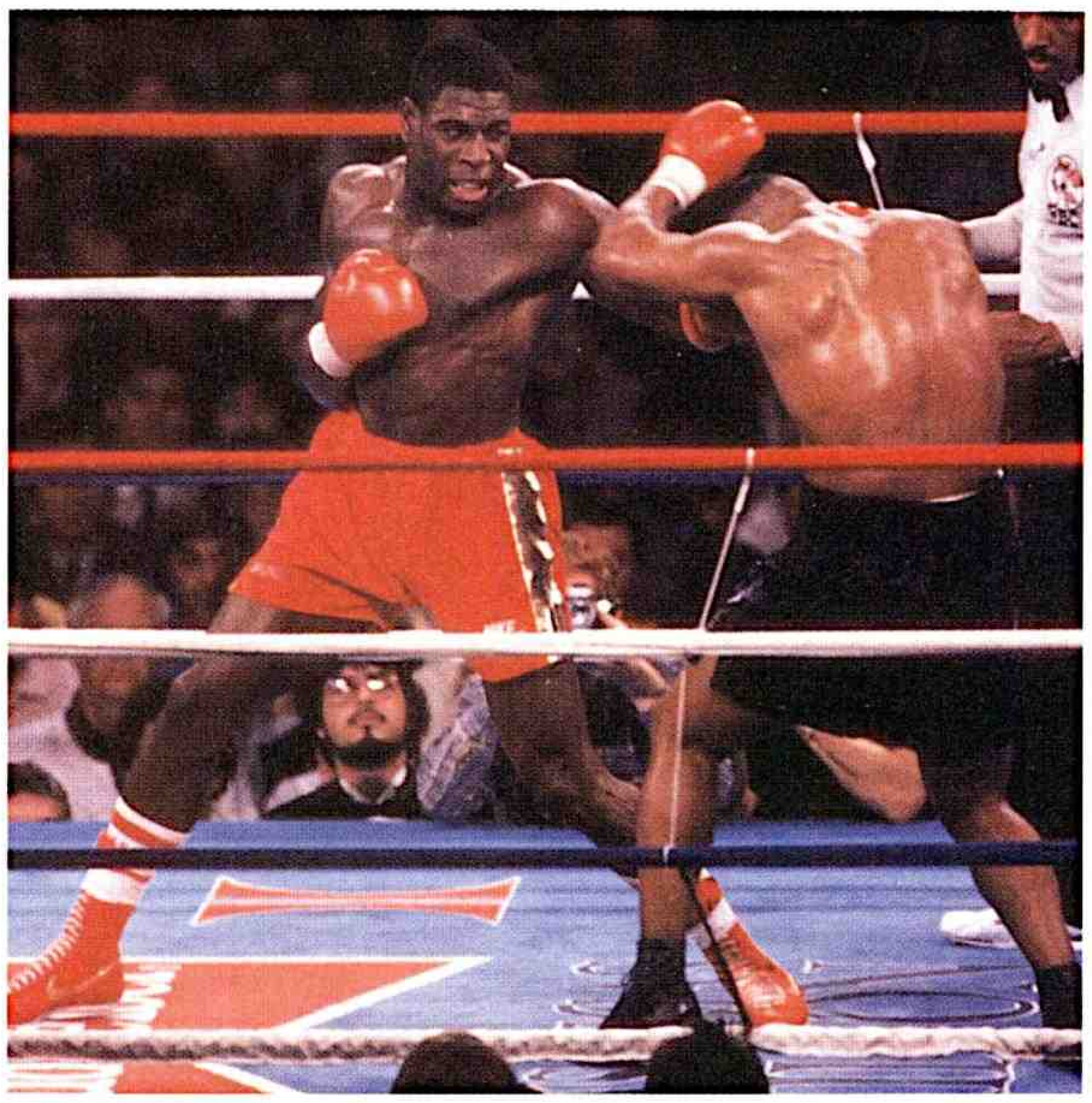
And to cap it all Britain went and got her first heavyweight champ this century. Of all the shocks this was the greatest. Mind you, with the proliferation of boxing titles on offer, it was odds-on that at some point the I.B.C., I.B.F., B.O.F. or B.E.R.K would announce that their heavyweight champion would be determined in an all-British clash between Gary Newbon and Muffin the Mule. (The smart money's on Muffin, by the way.)

In this country we'd wanted a Heavyweight Champion of the World for so long it made us blindly optimistic. Every time some tough, talentless Brit like Richard Dunn, Don Cockle or Brian "I'm just a prawn in the game" London got a shot at the title our common sense went out of the window and we'd start muttering: "You know he's in with a fighting chance. If he's on song, complacency's crept into the other guy's camp and a large Gloucester Old Spot pig falls out of the rafters in the third round and lands on the champ's head, then anything could happen".

We can all recite those legendary oh-so-nearly moments. There was the night Tommy Farr was twisted out of victory over Joe Louis – an opinion based solely on a highly biased BBC radio commentary. And the round when 'Our 'Enry' decked Ali – though in fact the fight took place before Ali (then Cassius Clay) was World Champ.

And, of course, the time Big Frank wobbled Tyson, though having watched that moment over and over again I am finally of the opinion that Tyson was staggered, not by Bruno's punch, but by one of his own haymakers which missed the Briton's chin by two feet and spun Iron Mike round so violently he almost screwed himself into the canvas.

Now I am not for one second belittling any of these fighters – they are, or were, brave men all. The fact remains, though, that on the other side of the Atlantic the appearance of the words 'British' and 'Heavyweight' in the same sentence was until recently enough to set people cackling away like a gaggle of geese who've just discovered feathers tickle.



Frank 'The Brown Sauce' Bruno sticks it to Mike 'The Bird Man' Tyson

How did this situation come about? Well, it seems the blame can be laid pretty squarely at the feet of one man, 'Fainting' Phil Scott, aka 'The Horizontal Heavyweight' or 'The Swooning Swan of Soho'. Scott boxed professionally for 12 years (1919-1931) and for some time was British Champion. It seems that his only attributes in the ring were gamesmanship and De Niroesque acting ability. At the first sign of aggression from his opponent, 'Fainting' dropped to the canvas clutching his groin crying "Foul!".

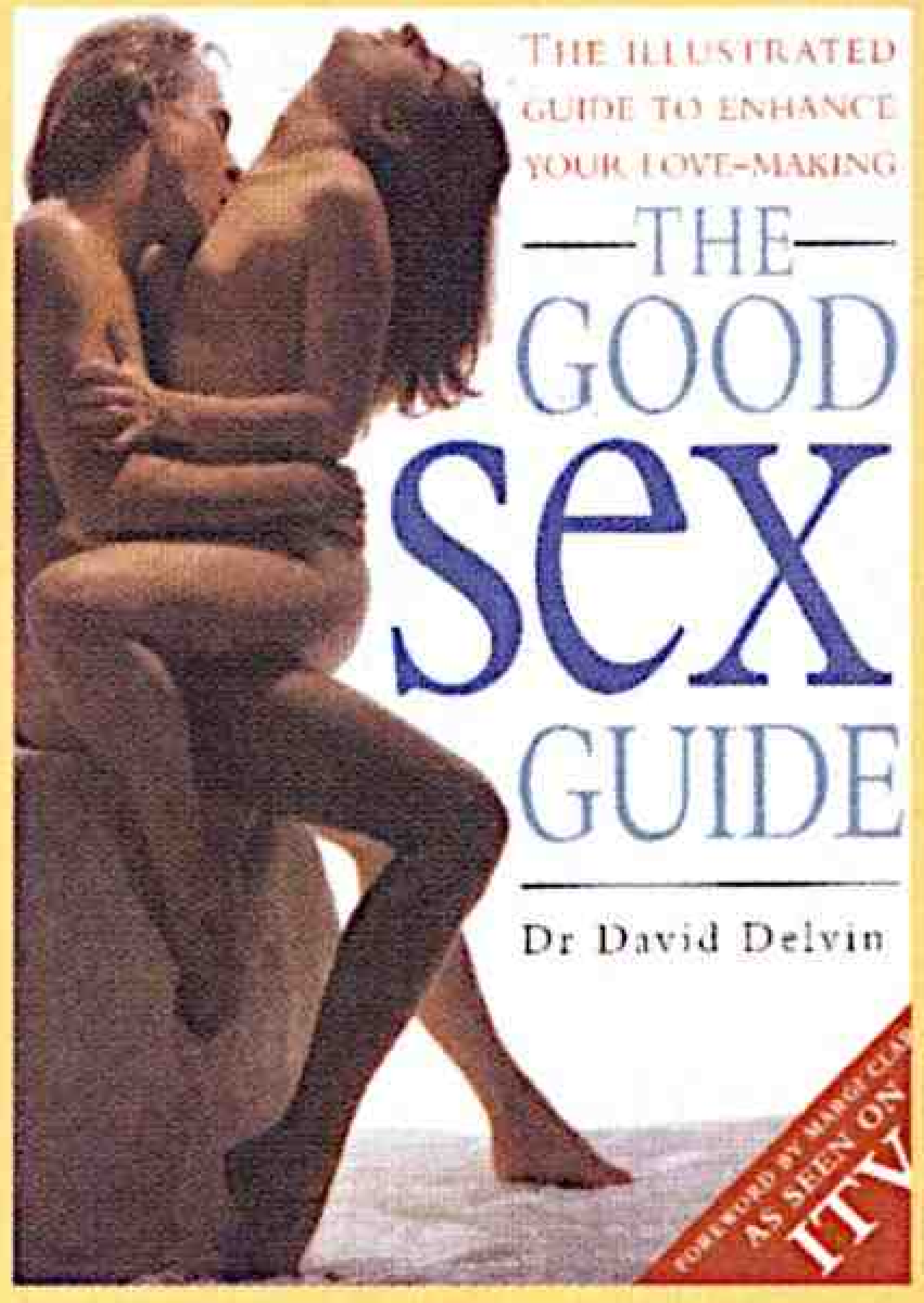
He must have been pretty good at this manoeuvre because he won nine fights on the trot in the late twenties on technical rulings. Soon, however, the refs got wise to him. During a fight against Jack 'The Battling Gob' Sharkey, Scott three times dropped to the canvas shouting that he had been hit low. Incensed, referee Lou Magnolia stopped the fight and awarded it to the American. Magnolia later told reporters: "Scott is the yellowest bum I ever saw. For ten cents I'd lick him myself".

Nor were boxing writers any more sympathetic. One observed that the common practice of setting up a fighter with a pub when he retired from the ring would not work in Scott's case. Every time he heard the bell ring on the cash register he'd collapse in a heap on the floor.

Clearly Lennox Lewis has a lot of work to do if he is to restore the good name of British Heavyweight boxing. We'll have to keep our

THE BOOK CLUB

Our literary agent, **Cliff O'Quiff**, recommends two publications for your perusal. One of which even has some tits in it!



Riding high on the back of every other charlie coming up with a video or wall chart on how to improve your sex life is Dr David Delvin, who has leapt on the bonking bandwagon with *The Good Sex Guide* (Yawn) (Ebury Press, £9.99).

It's not that bad, but do we really need another guide on how to bonk? I know I do, but that's 'cos I can't even remember how to walk after two pints.

Actually, it does contain some rather thoughtful advice on how to get over sexual inhibitions, what women look for in bed (yes, ha-ha, apart from your knob), as well as tips on how to keep sex fresh without resorting to shagging around. You guessed it – it's dull.

But much, much, *much* more worthwhile (and cheaper, only £1.99) is Jay de Leon's *Love Talk In 5 Languages*. This invaluable pocket-sized guide gives you every phrase you could ever need when chatting up a little cracker in French, German, Spanish and

fingers crossed. Of course there are those who think that Lewis, who spent much of his childhood in Canada, isn't really English at all. Not, in fact, unlike our last heavyweight champ, Bob Fitzsimmons: he left England for New Zealand at the age of nine and didn't return until long after his retirement. Discount the pair of them and you'll find that Britain hasn't had a champion since gloves were introduced in the 1880s.

● Great International Football Chants of Our Time – Number Two: Fans of Lazio greeted the arrival of Paul Gascoigne with a spirited rendition of that old Geordie classic, "Gazza boys we are here/ Shake your women/ And drink your beer/ Ay-oh Ay-oh". The truth about Italian men's success with women is out at last. It's nothing to do with Latin passion – it's the way they give the birds such a bloody good rattle that matters.

● While we're on the subject of Italy, congratulations to Channel 4 for snapping up live coverage of Serie A for a sixtieth of the price paid by BSkyB for the Premier League. Where else but Italy could we see a referee who looks like a bald-headed super-being from *Star Trek*? Or watch a player (Roma's Gianini) celebrate a goal by taking his shirt off and running about waving it round his head like a five-year-old whose school has just broken up for the summer hols? Marvellous! ♣

Italian. It's ideal for holidays, or even at the disco. To help you, it's divided up into sections like 'The Chat Up', 'Refusing' (yeah, right) and 'The Parting'.

Pour example:

★ "Das ist wirklich eine gut disco." — This is a really good disco.

★ "Aimerais-tu venir a mon hotel?" — Would you like to come back to my hotel?

★ "Non fermanti!" — Don't stop!

★ "Va via altrimenti chiamo la polizia." — Go away or I will call the police.

Buy it and learn. You could even keep it by the bed. Ciao! ♣

Cheryl

Photographs by Scott Evans

When a beautiful girl like Cheryl starts to strip, and looks so good doing it, you have to wonder if she's ever done anything like this before.

"Honestly, I haven't!" laughed the 20-year-old, getting all shirty. "I've been seeing a very rich guy from the States for the past three years, and I've never really had to work. He was so sweet, he did everything for me."

Ah, a kept woman. And we reckon you won't see one kept

NIKE AIR

much better!

"Well thank you! Anyway, I got a bit bored and told him I wanted to go back to work. You know, to do a few more things for myself... or to be precise, a few more men.

"It's good though, because now I really enjoy getting my head down to something..."♣

club

Cheryl

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Brenda D. Cupp's GLOBAL PHENOMENA

Hairy animals, strange noises, carnage and destruction. No, not a Faith No More gig, but the latest ramblings from the weird and paranormal world of Brenda D Cupp...

June 17th, 1985 had been a hard day for Nurse Vaseline Patch of the Emergency Unit at Zitville County Hospital, Florida. A young man had come in with terrible injuries resulting from a moment of passion with country singer Polly Carton.

They'd been out at the seaside together when suddenly he'd stuck his head between her enormous bazonkers and gone "flubbadubbadubba". Unfortunately, a good deal of the beach had already stuck to the suntan lotion in her cleavage, with the result that the guy's ears were sanded clean off.

Then there'd been the incident at the Chippendales concert where a jealous husband had put heat bulbs in the spotlights. Two of the dancers had been shallow-fried in their own baby-oil.

After such a day it wasn't surprising that Vaseline was eager to enjoy a weekend off sitting on her porch and gazing at the Rockies. Unfortunately, the video shop had loaned out Rockies 1 through to 27, so she decided against *Rocky 28 – This Time It's Prostate Problems* and instead booked a two day break in the mountains. She flew out that night and was soon slumbering on the vibrating waterbed in her room at the Shag-O-Mat Motel in Cheeseface, Oregon.

She awoke with a start, feeling sea-sick, and stumbled to the bathroom. There, a horrific sight awaited her. Rifling through the complimentary tray of fruit-flavoured vaginal lubricants was an enormous, hairy ape-like creature with more than a passing resemblance to Jimmy Nail.

The beast turned to look at her. As she watched the great erect thing swaying rhythmically before her eyes, Vaseline Patch sighed in disbelief – and fainted.

Sheriff Dork Pork was the first on the scene. Finding the inert form of the pretty young nurse on the floor of the motel room he acted quickly. He poured ice cold water over her, then charged the locals 5 bucks to come and see a wet t-shirt contest.

When she awoke Vaseline Patch mumbled the same words over and over: "Tall... hairy... a foot... a foot..."

"Bigfoot?" questioned Sheriff Pork, who had plenty of experience of the North American cousin of the Himalayan yeti.

"Yes," the nurse cried. "You're right! Though it was probably nearer 14 inches."

Sheriff Pork immediately examined the area around the motel for clues. There was a trail of prints – two Monets, Che Guevara and a girl tennis player scratching her arse. Definitely Bigfoot, the Sheriff concluded. The creature never could resist posters from Athena.

Suddenly he'd stuck his head between her enormous bazonkers and gone "flubbadubbadubba"

An everyday story from the USA. But what was the creature that had so terrorised the nurse? Was it, as Sheriff Pork suspected, yet another appearance of Bigfoot, the huge man-ape who is known to the Indian tribes variously as Sasquatch, Wauk-Wauk, Yowie or Simon?

Or perhaps there is some more mundane explanation: maybe it was a freak optical illusion caused by a malfunction of the motel's in-room instant replay camcorder, the mirrored ceiling and the bearskin bedspread. Perhaps Nurse Patch was hallucinating as a result of breathing in too many fumes from her Doctor Napalm Facial Hair Bleach; or was it simply a member of ZZ Top who'd wandered in to reclaim a toothbrush he'd left behind on a previous visit? We will never know for sure...

Simply The Beast

Whatever the explanation of this particular incident, the appearances of mysterious beasts are too frequent and well-documented to be quickly tossed to one side. In Britain alone there are an enormous number of well-publicised sightings of alien creatures: the Beast of Dartmoor, the Cornish Owl Man, Morgawr the Dragon and the Scottish sea beast who discards her dresses to flash at tourists – the Frock-Less Monster.

Of course, many of these sightings are made in areas such as Scotland, the West Country and Wales. So, scientifically, we can say that they are all the product of strong drink, in-breeding and a hereditary fondness for sheep's rear ends. But what are we to make of the Exploding Pickled Egg Thing of Purley, The Sabre-Toothed Wolverine of Wimbledon (or Vinni Jonesicus, to give the creature its full title), or that strange half-man half-dog creature who stalks the streets on nights of the full moon dressed in drip-dry clothing – the Wash 'n' Wearwolf?

Then of course there is the infamous London Laundrette Lobster – a spooky, silver crustacean who lurks inside the drums of washeteria tumble dryers and eats knickers and single socks. And why is it that whenever I phone up the police and say "A pair of my panties are missing. I believe they have been eaten by a lobster", they laugh and put the phone down. Is there an official cover-up in progress? I decided to find out.

There's Snow People Like Snow People

The first person I visited on my mission to track down one of the most famous monsters all, the yeti, was legendary explorer, naturalist and randy old bastard, Sir Hickory Dickory-Dock. Sir Hickory is now 70 years of age, yet still remarkably sprightly. Indeed, only a week before I met him, his name had been in all the

Illustrations by Adam Willis

'As she watched the great erect thing swaying rhythmically before her eyes'

tabloids over an incident with a hairdresser, following his misinterpretation of her comment that she "would like a quick touch-up herself".

I started off with a few questions about his mountaineering past.

Cupp: Sir Hickory, I believe you were the first man up Etna.

Hickory: Certainly was. Gave her a bloody good rogering too.

Cupp: Erm... I was talking about the mountain in Sicily.

Hickory: Oh, I thought you said Edna. The mountin' of Cicely was quite different. Did it on the sweet trolley in the Charing Cross Hotel as I recall. I was picking the treacle out of my chest hair for weeks afterwards.

Cupp: I see. Well, perhaps we should move on to your Himalayan expedition.

Hickory: Ah yes. That was in 1927. Over a period of 30 days I took on some of the world's toughest peaks – Annapurna, Annarayburn, K2, KT Puk-Rik..."

Cupp: Everest?

Hickory: Had to really. Couldn't really climb all those hills without a bit of kip now and again.

Cupp: So when did you first hear of the abominable snowman?

Hickory: Well, on our first expedition we were accompanied by some mountain tribesman, The Ghurkins. Small, nobbly-skinned fellows with a tendency to repeat themselves. One night their leader came to my tent in a highly nervous state. "Shir Hickory," he said, "the men are shcared. There ish abominable showman round theshe parsh". That's how the Ghurkins spoke, you see. Pickled, of course.

Cupp: Their S's were sloppy?

Hickory: Certainly were. Probably all the curry they ate. Anyway, Tenpin was worried about the possibility of an appearance by this abominable showman...

Cupp: Surely he meant the abominable snowman?

Hickory: Either that or he'd heard that Stu Francis was about to appear in panto at the Katmandu Hippodrome. Anway, a day or two later I had my encounter. We were all safely tucked up in our tents when we heard noises outside. Reaching for a gun, I grasped my faithful Mannlicher and went out to investigate. I found that some creature had come into the camp, munched up our rations, masturbated over my copy of *The Lady Cyclist – Scratch 'n' Sniff Seat Special*, then disappeared. We had been visited by the snowman.

Cupp: How could you be certain?

Hickory: I looked it up in my *Big Boys Book Of Mountain Monsters*. It said quite clearly: "Himalayan Yeti. Eats Shoots And Leaves". You couldn't get more specific than that, now could you? Anyway, the yeti had left tracks in the snow – one of them was a cover version of *Wild Thing* as I recall it. So I took out my instant camera, loaded it with film and followed the trail. About three miles from camp I caught sight of the yeti. I sat down on a block of ice to observe him.

Cupp: Did you get any Polaroids?

Hickory: Certainly did. Been suffering from them ever since. No wonder those Eskimo chaps always look so miserable. Anyway, there was the yeti as clear as day, so I reached in my pocket to take out the camera, then... click!

Cupp: You snapped it?

Hickory: Yes. Right off. Must have frozen solid while I was sitting on the ice. Fell down my trouser leg onto the snow and lay there like a tube of freezer mince. What with that and the Arctic piles, I was having a bad day.

Cupp: What about the yeti?

Hickory: No, shouldn't think he'd have wanted it. Not unless he was some sort of nancy-boy. Though now you come to mention it I do recall he had a slight prance to his step.

Cupp: No, I meant what was the yeti doing while you were growing icicles up your arse and making your dick detachable?

Hickory: He was approaching me. Huge beast he was, hairy, ill-kempt, his coat covered in what appeared to be his last meal, reeking of some strange, vile odour. Then he opened his mouth and uttered a pitiful, sub-human croaking noise.

'A spooky, silver crustacean who lurks inside the drums of washeteria tumble dryers and eats knickers and single socks'

Cupp: What did he sound like?

Hickory: Something like this: "Arrrrman Can-yee-teluz-wura-arm? Ah adur-eet-skinfull-astneet-an-am-lukin-fowarlsend." After uttering this cry he lurched away down the hillside and disappeared. However, he did leave something behind.

Cupp: What was it?

Hickory: Half a doner kebab.

Lhasa Come Home

After hearing of Sir Hickory's encounter with the yeti, I sought explanations for the creature's behaviour from the world's leading expert on the phenomenon, Chris Nobbington.

A top mountaineer, Nobbington has a face that's as hairy as a German woman athlete's armpit. His hirsute appearance has allowed him to get closer to the abominable snowman than anyone else. So close, indeed, that in the Lhasa Divorce Court recently he was named as co-respondent in the break up of the marriage of John Paul Yeti the Third and Wookie Goldberg.

I played him my tape recording of Sir Hickory's account and asked what he made of it.

Nobbington: Deeply puzzling.

Cupp: You can't work out what the yeti was attempting to say to him?

Nobbington: No. I can't understand why, when Sir Hickory said he grasped his faithful Mannlicher, you didn't make some feeble and gratuitous joke about oral sex. It's most perplexing.

Conclusion

So what are we to make of the myth of the abominable snowman? Is he a creature from another time who has somehow survived into our own era? An undiscovered ape? Or just a lost soul in search of a bath, a bed and a bit part in *Spender*? Perhaps we will never know.

Until next time.♣

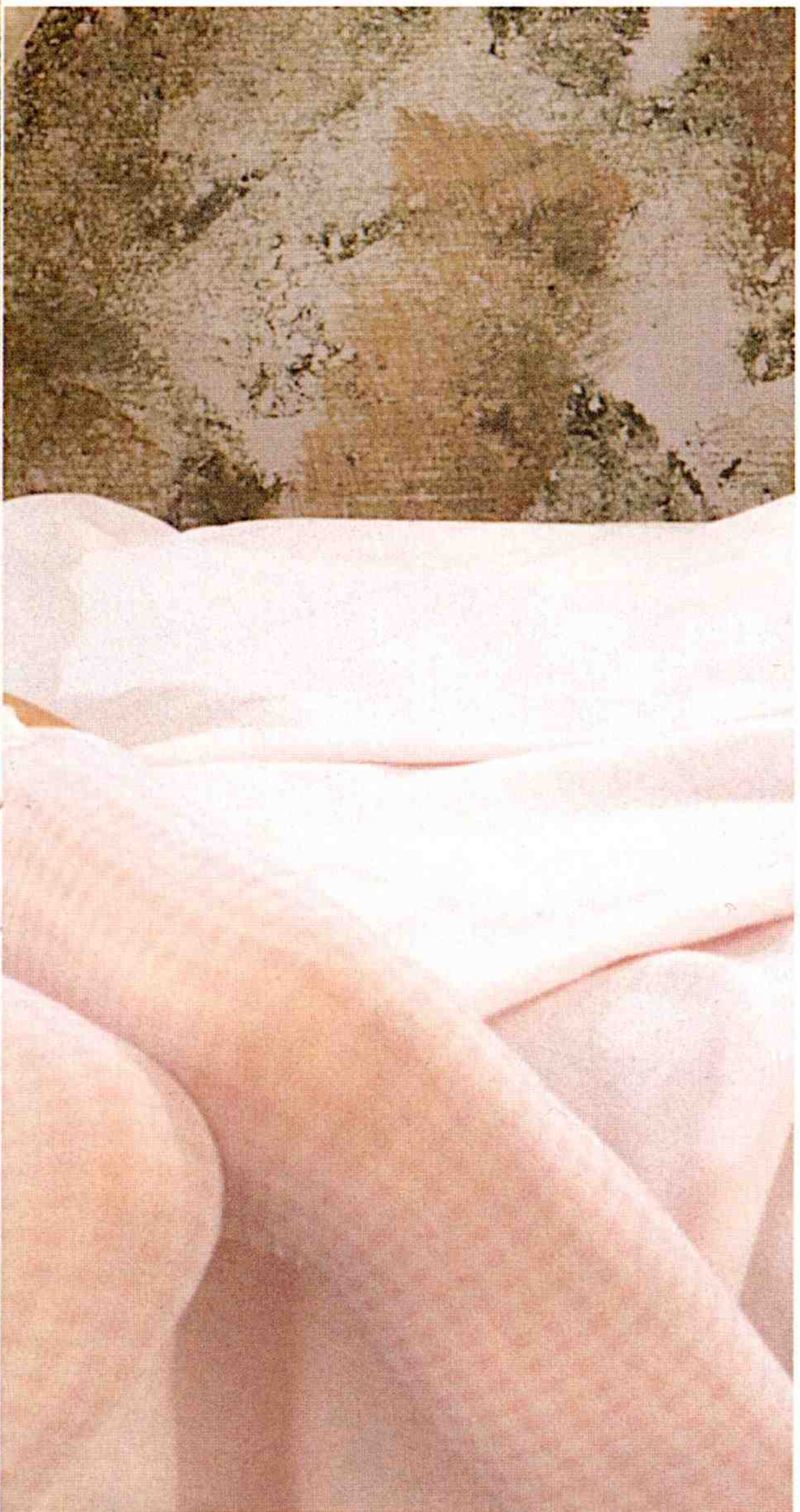
About the author: Now living in semi-retirement in a mauve shellsuit deep within the Lakeside Shopping Complex, Brenda D. Cupp continues to record data on the earth's legendary alien forms. And when she's not filling in The Council Tax register, she also keeps tabs on weird animals world-wide. She opens up her annals and drops her jottings onto the pages of Club.

bridgette

Photographs by Harry Linden

"I'm not like other girls, you know," whispered the beautifully blonde Bridgette as she showed us her talents for the first time.

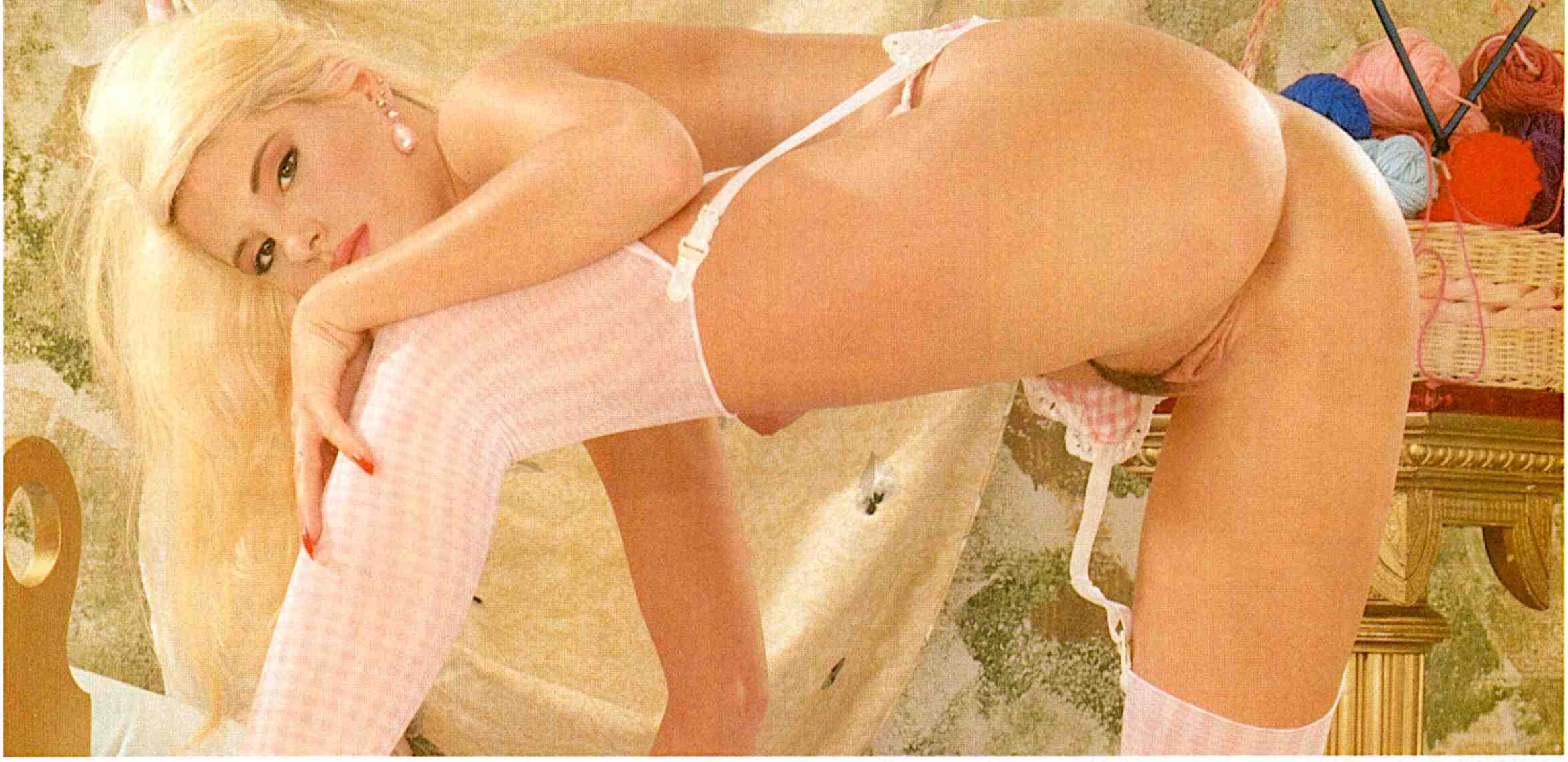
"Everybody thinks that if you come from Scotland you're going to be a skinflint. But it's just not true! Believe me, the last thing I am is tight."

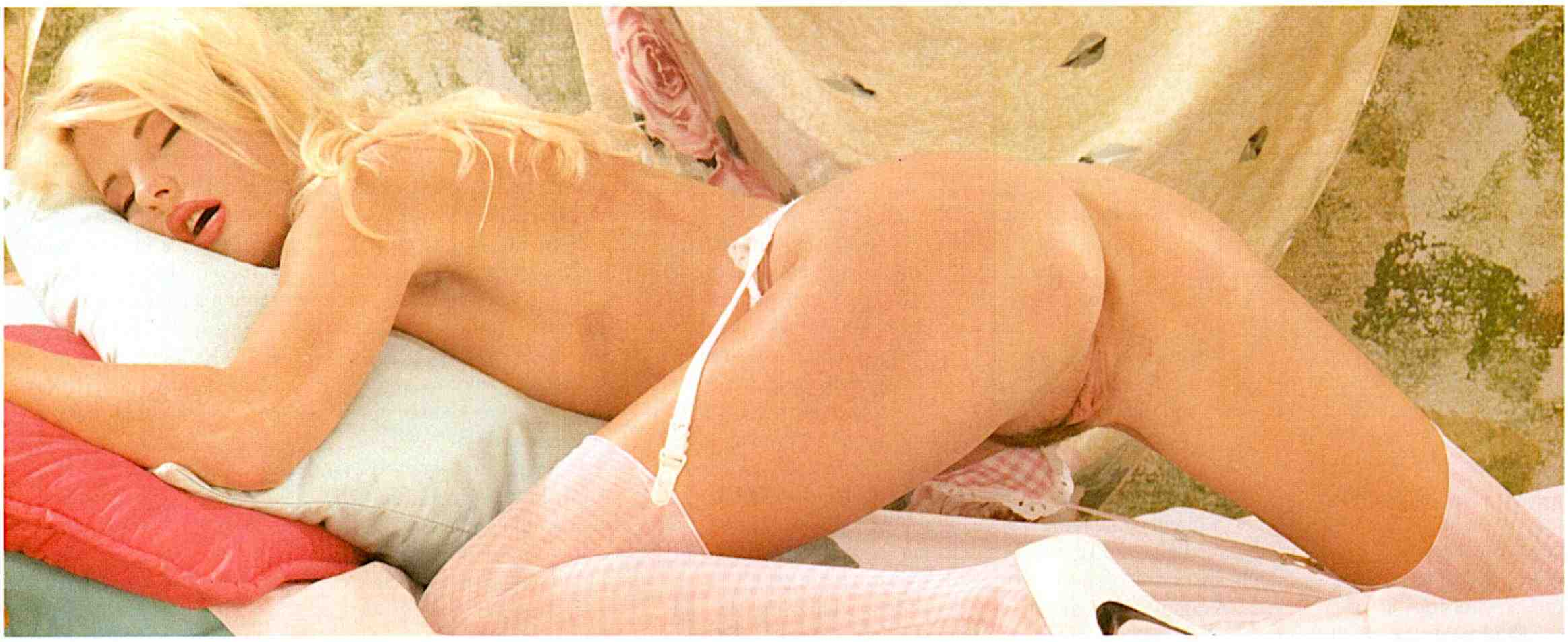


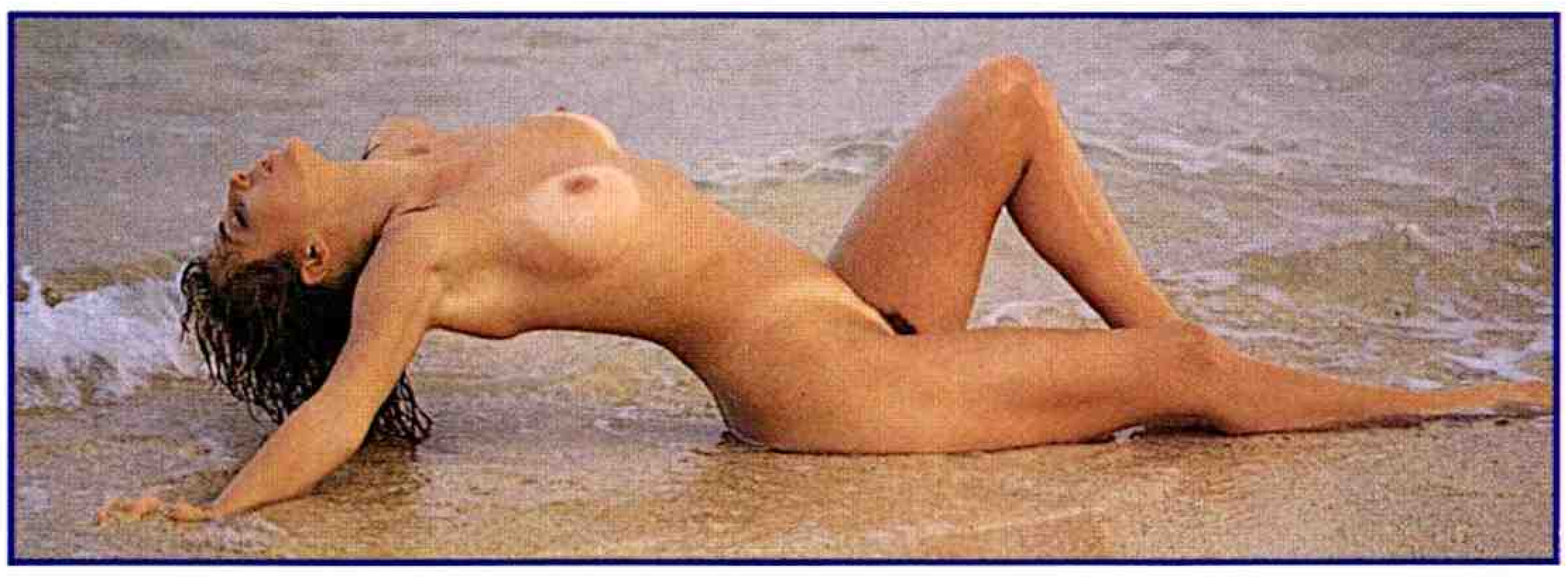
So, does that must make you a bit loose then?

"Chance would be a fine thing! I've been living in London for a year now and hardly had a boyfriend. You don't think they're put off by my accent do you?"

We doubt it, we told her. Not with a body that looks good in any language! ♣







TALKIN' BLUE

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

Fast Ride

My name is Angie and I'm 20 years old, with long, dark hair that reaches down to my hips. Last weekend I was on the coach from London, where I live, to my boyfriend's town. We live far apart but that seems to suit us fine. We meet every two weeks or so. Either he drives up to meet me or I take the coach to him. I really like the journey because it gives me time alone to think. It's good for our sex life too because we're always hungry for each other. You can imagine the fireworks when we meet!

Anyway, there I was last Friday evening on the coach. I always like to ride at the back and there was only me and maybe six others on board. The nearest people to me were a young couple. She was blonde and petite and he was a handsome guy with black hair.

A couple of hours into the journey, the girl came and sat next to me. Her boyfriend had fallen asleep. Her name was Laura and she was really friendly. We got talking and I found myself attracted to her. You can imagine my shock when she placed her hand on my thigh and said, “I think you're beautiful and I want to make love to you.”

I was too shocked to say anything. Laura took this as a green light and, before I realized what was happening, she had my knickers off and my skirt up around my waist.

I looked down at myself and got a thrill seeing my neatly trimmed pussy and Laura's hands stroking my thighs. I put myself totally in her hands and let her do what she wanted to me.

Before I knew it, she had her tongue on my clitoris which sent an electric shock through my body. She had my tits out and was fondling them while her tongue probed my love-hole. Then she slipped two fingers up inside me, while her tongue worked on my clit.

I found myself with my legs drawn up in the air while she performed wonders on my pussy. No guy had ever made me feel like that before.

Before long, I was coming, soaking her mouth with my cream. Her lips sucked tight on my pussy lips, drawing them into her mouth, and she just about sucked me dry. I was really being pampered by Laura. Lying there in the afterglow, with her mouth clamped to my pussy and her tongue gently caressing me, I was in a state of bliss.

And then something made me open my eyes. It was the feel of another pair of hands on my tits. I found myself looking up into the eyes of her boyfriend. He was smiling down at me and his touch was firm but gentle.

I smiled as he undressed me until I was lying there naked with these two strangers caressing my private parts.

I watched as he unbuttoned his jeans and released his fat cock which leaped out like an uncoiled spring and I opened my mouth in anticipation. He grabbed hold of his shaft and slid it into my open mouth.

“Hi,” he said huskily. “My name's Keith.”

Well, all I could do was nod slightly and smile as best I could. I mean, you've got to be polite, even when you've got a fat prick in your mouth! I started to suck on him, tasting his salty sexiness.

Laura, meanwhile, sensed my arousal and started to lick my pussy once more. It was heavenly. I cupped Keith's balls in my hand and started to massage them.

And then I thought of my boyfriend. If he only knew what I was getting up to! I mean, he's a terrific lover and he's got a great cock, but nothing compared to Keith's mighty meat. I laid my head back onto the seat and Keith

started to fuck my mouth. I let him take his pleasure a while before pulling my head away and saying, "Hi, my name's Angie. Are you going to fuck me with that thing?"

He laughed, and Laura parted my legs wide before taking her boyfriend's prick in one hand and opening my pussy lips with the other. She guided his prick between my legs and he slowly inched his way up inside my cunt.

Once he had fed it all inside me, he started to fuck me in long, slow, rhythmic strokes.

Laura then slipped off her knickers and sat astride my face. I found myself looking up at the blondest pussy I had ever seen. She lowered it onto my face and I was soon licking out her cunt, flicking my tongue against her clitoris as she had done to mine.

The three of us were in heaven, fucking and sucking away. Laura's pussy juice flowed into my mouth and it tasted so sweet. I was loving it! I soon brought her to orgasm and she gasped as she bucked on my face.

Then I raised my head and watched as Keith's big cock went in and out of my pussy, covered in my wetness.

I knew that he was waiting for me to come, and I arched my pelvis off the seat to meet him, and let my orgasm flow. He kept pumping away, making me come really hard.

When my pussy stopped twitching, he withdrew his cock and I watched his spunk spray out of his shiny head. Both Laura and I managed to catch some of it on our boobs and we greedily licked it up.

When my boyfriend met me at the station, I said I was tired and wanted to take a bath and go to sleep after the tiring journey. I didn't tell him what had made it so tiring! But I made sure that I got Laura and Keith's phone number. We're meeting up for a repeat session next weekend. Not on a coach, though! — *Angie, London*

Up And At 'Em!

My name is Janine, and me and my best friend, Natalie, have just moved into a flat together in London.

We had both recently split up with our respective partners and agreed on a complete break from men. Thing is, if we'd stuck to that pledge we would both have missed out on the fuck of a lifetime!

We had settled into our new flat and were just about finding our way around the area when Nat suggested we ought to get to know our neighbours. It made sense to me, so that night we went upstairs to introduce ourselves.

We were just about to knock when we heard what sounded like someone hard at it. There was the sound of huffing and puffing, and the crying out of all sorts of obscenities. Being the curious type, Natalie bent down to the keyhole and let out a gasp of surprise.

"Take a look at that, Jan!" she squealed. I don't blame her, for there was a six foot hunk in nothing but a pair of shorts, working out in the middle of the room.

I couldn't take my eyes off his tanned, smooth skin and his sweating body; but suddenly our fantasy was broken by a voice behind us.

"Is he putting on a good show for you?" We swung round, frozen with fear.

"You must be the two from downstairs. Come in." And with that a hunky blond guy squeezed past us and pushed the door open.

"Hey, Mike, look! Your fan club's here!" Natalie and I just stood in the doorway blushing and looking at our feet as Mike eyed us both critically.

His flatmate unpacked his shopping as he explained how he'd caught us out.

"Is that a fact?" laughed Mike. "Well, now we've met, I guess we ought to invite them in for a glass of wine!"

We smiled as we came in and sat down on the sofa. Mike brought in the glasses as Ben opened a bottle and sat down next to me.

After half an hour or so, I glanced over at Mike and Natalie, and they were whispering and giggling like schoolchildren. Ben and me looked at each other and with a glint in his eye he asked me if I'd like to see around the rest of the flat.

"They seem to be getting on all right, don't they?" he grinned, as we got to the kitchen.

"Yes, they do," I sighed. "She always gets the good looking ones!"

"Charming!" laughed Ben. "What does that make me then, the consolation prize?"

"No, I didn't mean that!" I said, blushing. "Come here..." He took a step forward, holding me round the waist as our lips met. Suddenly, an incredible feeling of sexiness washed over me as I felt his cock stiffen against my stomach, our tongues madly exploring each other's mouths.

My pussy was soaking as my control slipped away. Frantically I began ripping off his t-shirt and unbuckling his belt and my hands ran over his smooth, muscled body. I felt Ben kiss my face and neck as I sank to my knees and pulled his trousers down, letting his cock spring free. I gasped softly and shut my eyes as I grasped its thick base with both hands and sank my open mouth onto it.

"Oh, yes! Suck me! Suck me hard!" whispered Ben, his hands holding the back of my head and pulling me harder

SILKY SLIP UPS 0898 122 102

KNOBBED THROUGH NYLON
0898 122 100

MINI SKIRT, NO KNICKERS
0898 122 103

GET IN MY KNICKERS
0898 122 101

I'LL STRIP THEM FOR YOU
0898 122 104

KNICKER SUCKERS CALL
0898 122 106

DRIPPING IN MY PANTIES
0898 122 105

HUNGRY BOTTOM

I LOVE IT IN MY AXXX!! 0898 884 228

PLAYING BETWEEN MY HAIRY LIPS!! 0898 122 128

0898 122 108

I'LL SUCK YOUR BALLS 0898 122 111

My tantalising tongue
0898 122 114
I lick Betty Swallocks
0898 122 112
Forced to swallow it
0898 122 117
Deep in my throat
0898 122 113
I'll swallow your hot lot
0898 122 116
Dildo dreams
0898 122 120
Sweaty, salty mouth sex
0898 122 118

0898 122 127

Tracey only sucks the end 0898 122 115
What I do with the neck of a bottle 0898 122 121
I'll go down and suck you off 0898 122 119
Fingering myself to climax 0898 122 123
My ice cube cools me down 0898 122 122
The first time I did it 0898 122 125

TOPLESS TARTS ON THIS NUMBER 0898 122 142

SUCK MY HARD NIPPLES!!! 0898 884 226

TOPLESS SHOCKER! 0898 122 140
UNCLIP MY BRA 0898 122 146
SOLID KNOCKERS 0898 122 143
BERTHA THE BUSTY WENCH 0898 122 141
DOWN MY CLEAVAGE 0898 122 147
FONDLE MY ERECT NIPPLES 0898 122 145
TEASE MY TINY TITS 0898 122 144
COTTON SPORTS BRA TO SUPPORT THIS PAIR 0898 122 148
TOSS BETWEEN MY TITS 0898 122 149

HOT, SEXY & DYING FOR IT
0898 884 218

I'LL GET YOU OFF OVER THE PHONE
0898 884 728

MY MOUTH IS OPEN READY · USE IT
0898 884 727

MY SISTER IS A LESBIAN!
0898 884 221

HOUSEWIVES COFFEE MORNING CONFESSIONS 0898 122 132

HEAR ME DO IT TO MYSELF!! 0898 122 129

LAP ME ALL UP 0898 122 110

0898 884 224

DRIPPING DOWN MY FINGERS *0898 122 124*

MY SISTERS CAUGHT ME AT IT ALONE *0898 122 126*

GROPE IN MY KNICKERS *0898 122 107*

I'LL JERK MYSELF OFF!! *0898 884 720*

LISTENERS WIVES OWN RECORDINGS *0898 122 130*

LEGGY HOUSEWIFE WANTS A BIT OF ROUGH *0898 122 137*

HUSBAND CAUGHT ME WITH THE POSTMAN *0898 122 136*

BENT OVER SO YOU GET A FLASH OF MY CROTCHLESS ONES *0898 122 109*

TIED UP ON THE LINE *0898 884 719*

MY WICKED WIFE WILL TALK YOU OFF!!! *0898 884 717*

WHAT MY HUSBAND DOESN'T KNOW 0898 122 138

CLASSIFIEDS

Nympho housewives do the business 0898 122 131
Newly wed bimbo takes it the hard way 0898 122 134
Bare bottom - do what you like 0898 884 716
Cream between them 0898 884 229
Shaven mistress at your disposal 0898 884 715
Fishnet Fanny wants it now! 0898 884 718
My husband can't satisfy me - can you? 0898 122 135
I'll sit on your face 0898 884 722
Fishy mongers wife needs bonking 0898 122 139
She rubbed me up & I loved it 0898 884 721
Bend over you bad boy 0898 884 723
Gymslip & wellies - now bend over 0898 884 724
I'll talk your rocks off 0898 884 725
Shaven & oiled - ready for slick lips 0898 884 215
Men needed for horny housewives 0898 884 217
I'll cool down your throbbing member 0898 884 227

BEND OVER & TAKE IT!!! 0898 884 223
MILK THEM FOR ME 0898 884 726
SPREAD MY LEGS 0898 884 216
HOLD MY BOOBS & DOME 0898 884 729
WHAT YOUR FINGERS CAN DO 0898 884 220
BONK ME OVER THE DESK 0898 884 219
FORTY & FRUSTRATED 0898 122 133
I'M BENT OVER SO YOU CAN LICK 0898 684 222
SUCKING YOU OFF 0898 884 225

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onto his erect tool. I have never in all my life had such a long, hard cock in my mouth, and my whole body trembled as I crammed as much as I could down my throat. My lips nearly touched his balls as my mouth picked up its rhythm.

Ben was going crazy, and pulling me off him, lay down underneath me. I never wear knickers and I was glad I didn't as Ben started slurping my pussy. I could feel the first ripples of my orgasm hit me, and as I looked down to see Ben's head and tongue burrowing into my fanny I let go completely.

"I'm coming!" I screamed. I gripped onto Ben's head as my cunt exploded, love juice pouring onto his tongue as he lapped up every drop. But as I slowly came down to earth, I could see his huge erection still needed taking care of. I was desperate for more of his cock, and falling onto my hands and knees, I opened my legs.

But just as he knelt down and slipped his thick tool into me, I realised I had a full view of the sitting room and Natalie and Mike getting down to it too!

Mike was on the sofa, legs apart, and head thrown back as Nat knelt between them and gobbled away at his cock. She looked over and gave me a wink, then closed her eyes as she powered her head up and down the length of his meat. Well, what with Ben shafting me hard from behind and the sight of this hunk getting the blow-job of his life I felt myself losing control again.

Ben's cock was filling my cunt completely, my juice dripping and dribbling down my legs as his pace got faster and harder until I thought my legs would give way. But still he pumped away, and just as I looked up to see Mike arch his whole body off the sofa as he squirted his come into Natalie's mouth, I could feel my lover give one last, desperate lunge as he screamed out his orgasm.

That did it for me, and I let loose my second torrent of come that night. We pushed hard against each other, with Mike holding me tight as I felt his come pump into me. We collapsed in a heap on the floor, and I could still hear Ben groaning as Nat swallowed all of his come.

Me and Mike eventually staggered to our feet, and got dressed before walking back in with another bottle of wine. The sight of Nat and Mike pulling their clothes on and trying to look as innocent as possible was hysterical, and as me and Nat went off to the loo together we howled with laughter. What a flat warming!

We've still stuck to our promise not to get involved with men, just the two upstairs. And we're happy, since there can't be too many women with two hunks on tap whenever they want them! – *Janine, London*

HOLIDAY BLUES

Playing away from home

Bare Necessities

My friend Shelley and I have been talking about going on holiday together for ages, and we finally got around to doing it last month. We both like the same things – sun, sand, sea and sex! – so we settled on Spain, and before we knew it we were lounging by the pool of our rented villa, sipping cocktails and soaking up the sun.

"Mmm, are you having a good time, Cheryl?" purred Shelley, pulling her swimsuit down to her waist and rubbing suntan lotion over her gorgeous boobs.

"Sure am," I grinned, eyeing her up lustfully. Shelley and I are the best of friends in every sense, and she knows just how horny looking at her tits gets me, the little slut!

"Can you put some oil on my back please, darling?" she asked, turning over on the lounger. I went over and knelt between her legs, pouring the oil onto her skin and massaging it in with firm strokes. Before too long I could feel her starting to squirm, and I knew the massage was turning her on.

I peeled her swimsuit down further, uncovering her cute tanned bottom. She moaned softly as I slipped my hand between her thighs and rubbed my oily fingers against her pussy lips. Her legs eased further apart so I could run a finger along her clit; then I pushed it right inside her tight little cunt and began finger-fucking her in earnest, kissing and nibbling her bum cheeks all the while.

My fingers were drenched with her pussy juice, and as I felt her cunt muscles contract with her orgasm I pushed a hand against my pussy mound to take care of the tingling I was feeling there. Shelley wanted to take care of that herself though; as her climax subsided she turned over and pulled off my damp bikini panties.

"Sit on my face, Cheryl," she told me. "Let me taste your cunt."

I wriggled my way up her hot body, but when I got as far as her boobs she suddenly gasped. Her tits have always been very sensitive, and the friction of my wet pussy against her hard nipples was just too much for her!

I'd never rubbed myself off against a girl's tits before, but let me tell you it was quite sensational! I could feel her stiff nipples stroking over my clit, sending waves of pleasure right through my body. After I'd come like that, I licked my pussy juice up off her boobs, and my tongue lapping over her nipples actually made her come again! I'd never seen her so aroused, and when I did finally sit on her face and let her eat me, she was really frenzied, sucking my pussy lips and gently chewing my clit till the force of my orgasms exhausted me.

After that I was happy to fall asleep in the sun. It must have been a couple of hours later that I woke up. Shelley was in the pool, splashing around happily, and I decided to join her and cool off. I dived in, and we were soon rubbing our naked bodies together. Something felt different about Shelley though, and I realized as my hand crept down to her pussy. Her pubes were gone!

"Shelley, you've shaved your pussy!" I gasped.

"It wasn't me, actually," she giggled. "You know that gardener who looks after the villas – the one we both thought was really cute? Well, I invited him in for coffee... I'd completely forgotten I wasn't wearing a stitch at the time. He suggested shaving me – it was a real turn on! I didn't fuck him though. I thought you might like to share him with me some time."

I was really aroused at the thought of Shelley letting a complete stranger shave her pussy, just minutes after I'd been fingering her. I liked the look of it too, the bare, plump mound and her pink clit clearly showing.

"Why don't you let me shave you too?" suggested Shelley. "I know you'd love the feeling – it's like a thousand men licking you out at once!"

Put that way, how could I resist? Shelley fetched the shaving cream and razor, and as I lay down beside the pool with my legs apart and my knees drawn up I could already feel myself getting wet with anticipation.

It tickled a bit as Shelley sprayed the cold foam all

over my love mound, but the first bold stroke of the razor proved to me that Shelley had told me the truth. I lay there, fingers in my mouth to stifle my moans of pleasure as she shaved me carefully. She started with the fullest part at the front of my mound, then worked her way down until she was shaving around my sensitive pussy lips. By this time I was so wet I could actually feel my cunt juice trickling down to mingle with the foam, and I was aching to feel her fingers in my snatch. But she was teasing me – she wasn't going to stop until she'd finished the job properly.

Finally she was happy with her handiwork. She rinsed the last of the foam off, then held her little hand mirror between my spread legs so I could see how my pussy looked bare. I must admit the sight was a real turn-on. My plump lips were pink and swollen with lust and I could see how wet I'd got.

Just then, we heard the gate swing open, and Manolo, the gardener, walked into the yard.

"Hey girls!" he grinned. "I was only expecting to see one lovely shaved pussy here, not two!"

Even from where he was standing, I could see the bulge in his trousers growing. Shelley and I looked at each other and grinned. I knew I was ready for some cock, and obviously she was too!

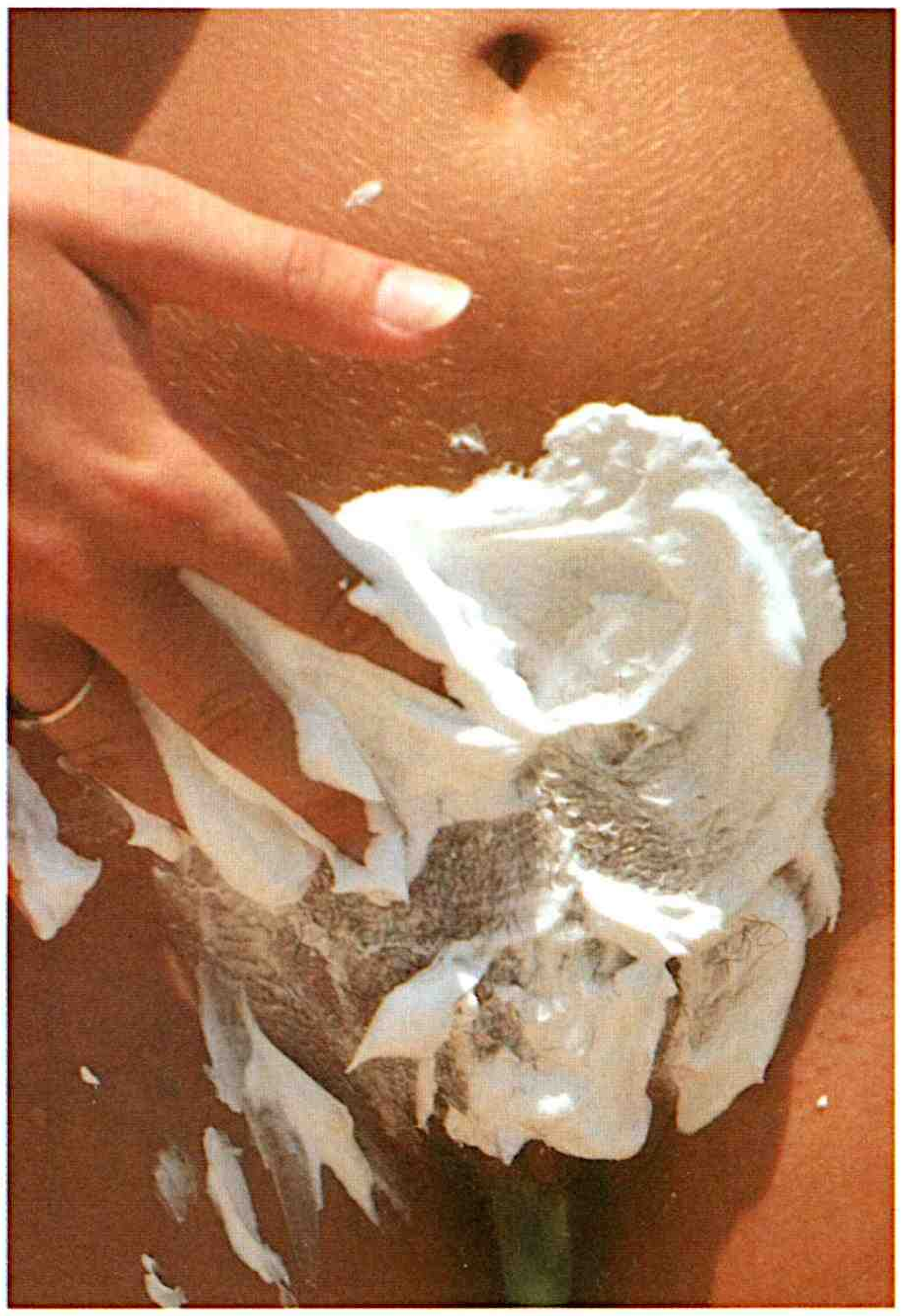
The two of us got on our hands and knees next to each other, our bums pointing towards Manolo invitingly. He came and knelt behind us, getting his stiff cock and pointing it towards the two of us indecisively.

"Which sexy cunt to fuck first?" he mused, stroking his shaft as it rose to its impressive limit. That was it – I just couldn't keep my hands off it another second!

Reaching behind me, I grabbed his dick and guided it towards Shelley's pussy. With my free hand I spread her bare pussy lips, so he could aim right into her juicy depths. I kept my fingers on her clit as he thrust all the way in, her cunt wrapping snugly around his meat.

Believe it or not, I'd never seen someone getting fucked at such close quarters before. I'd watched plenty of blue movies of course, but it's just not the same as seeing a juicy cunt getting filled with thick, shiny cock only inches from your face!

I crawled underneath them so I could lick Manolo's balls as they slapped against Shelley's arse. I think that



was what really pushed him over the edge, and he groaned that he was going to come.

As his spunk started to spurt out he pulled his sticky cock out of Shelley's pussy and let it splash down onto my face. I caught some on my tongue and it tasted delicious, really salty and strong. I grabbed his cock and sucked it clean of his spunk and Shelley's juice, and that was enough to keep him hard and ready to fuck me too!

Pushing Manolo onto his back, I straddled him and slid my cunt down on his rod inch by inch until he was all the way inside me. I'd hoped that being shaved would make my pussy even more sensitive than usual, and it did. I could feel every movement of Manolo's cock inside me like it was magnified a thousand times, and the sensation of my shaven pussy lips rubbing against the root of his cock was quite incredible.

Raising myself up onto my haunches, I bounced up and down on his pole like I hadn't been fucked in a year. Shelley watched us, frigging herself like crazy, and seeing her fingers disappear into her shaven hole got me so hot I wasn't surprised to find myself coming several times. It takes something that erotic to make me multi-orgasmic, but I love it when it happens!

"Spunk inside me now," I begged Manolo. "I want to feel your cream gushing into my cunt." I'm not sure he actually understood what I was saying as his English wasn't that great, but body language obviously transcends all barriers! He gave one extra-hard thrust and I felt his hot come spurt up into me, filling me up.

"My turn to taste it now," smiled Shelley, crouching in front of me and lapping up Manolo's spunk from my pussy, running her tongue all over my thighs before thrusting it deep inside me.

Of course, I'm no stranger to Shelley's pussy eating prowess, but what happened next was a major shock – and a major turn-on too. Shelley kept on licking and nibbling her way all the way down my thighs and calves, teasing the backs of my legs with long, smooth strokes of her tongue. When she reached my ankles she brushed them with feathery strokes that felt tingly and ticklish, but also very exciting. Then she licked the sole of my left foot, and began to suck and bite my toes.

Every touch of her tongue sent a current of electricity to my cunt. I was soon gasping and rolling around on the ground, fondling my tits, and when she thrust her tongue between my toes I swear it felt just like getting fucked!

Manolo had been watching, and getting another hard-on, and he suddenly grabbed my other foot and began copying Shelley's actions. Now this was like getting fucked twice. I buried my fingers in my pussy and began to frig myself hard and fast, and I've never come so powerfully as I did then, with my two lovers licking my feet.

"Fuck my mouth," I gasped to Manolo. "I want to suck you off!"

He crouched over me in a 69, and lowered his rigid cock into my mouth. In that position I was pinned to the ground by his weight, and his cock felt massive in my mouth as he thrust into me. He went down on me too, using his tongue like a second cock to fuck my pussy. Shelley was still working on my feet, rubbing and sucking every inch of bare skin a bit at a time to alter and intensify the sensations which were coursing through my body.

Suddenly she started rubbing the sole of my foot all over her naked body, and I knew she was getting off on it as much as me. I felt her stiff nipple brush against me and I clutched at it with my toes, gripping and pinching it lightly. She sighed with pleasure and pushed my foot lower, and I rubbed her bare pussy mound with my heel. Then I slid my foot right between her legs, feeling the sticky wetness spread over my toes.

Shelley was really loving it, and as I gently pressed my toes between her pussy lips to rub her clit, she started coming again. I was amazed at how distinctly I could feel the contractions of her cunt muscles around my toes.

All this time, Manolo's cock had been hammering into my mouth, and as I squeezed his balls he unleashed a flood of spunk down my throat. I gulped it down eagerly, my pussy trembling beneath his tongue.

After that we were all exhausted, but Manolo had to get back to work! Shelley and I went to bed together to sleep it off – ready to take our bare pussies out on the town later. I danced all night and I felt like I was walking on air, my feet had been so pampered. And my pussy got some more pampering too, but that's another story! – *Cheryl, Reading*

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike!

Living In Lust

I'd like to tell you about something that happened to me recently that has changed my life beyond all recognition. I'm so excited and aroused just thinking about it that I can hardly hold my pen steady to write this confession. But I'm persevering with it because I know that many Club readers will be equally turned on by my story.

Until a few months ago I'd lost all interest in sex. My job was occupying all of my time, and I'd just bought a house which I was busy renovating so that I could let the two spare rooms out to lodgers to make a bit of cash. Sex was the last thing on my mind, though I found that I was feeling increasingly frustrated. When I was lying in bed at night my thoughts would turn to the last time I'd had a good hard fucking, remembering the feel of a thick, stiff cock pushing its way into my wet cunny, my boobs heaving as I panted with lust and circled my hips round and round, urging the guy's tool higher and higher up inside me until he hit that G-spot and unleashed my orgasm. It had been so long, but all that was about to change...

What happened was that I finally finished decorating the two spare rooms and let them out. One I leased to a girl I worked with called Debbie: I didn't know her all that well, but she seemed like good fun and certainly had a very active social life, so I thought she could maybe introduce me to some single men. The other room was taken by her mate Camilla, and that's where things really started to get interesting.

After she'd been there a week, Camilla brought her boyfriend Chris round and asked if I minded if he stayed over the weekend. After I'd caught a glimpse of him, I didn't care if he never left! Chris was the most gorgeous hunk of manhood I'd seen for years, manhood being the operative word!

Of course, like many women I'd often fantasised about what it would be like to have my tight little pussy fucked by a very well-hung black man, but I'd never have thought that the personification of all my fantasies would ever be standing in front of me. Chris was about six feet tall, with short cropped hair and the firmest, most fuckable body I'd ever seen. The shape of his taut buttocks had me creaming my panties with lust. I almost came as soon as I saw him. And the twinkle in his eyes told me that he wasn't immune to my curvaceous blonde charms either.

I knew I had to fuck him before that weekend was over. I wanted to have his thick, black cock in my hand, I wanted to nibble his hairy balls between my lips, I wanted to taste his come in the back of my throat. I was so jealous of Camilla, who was obviously getting a regular and royal fucking from him, that all I could think of as they went out for the evening was Chris. I had an early night, lying naked under the sheets, my fingers down at my sticky cunt, swirling the juices around with my fingers and playing with my aching clitty as I arched my back off the mattress again and again, dreaming all the time that it was Chris's cock instead of my own fingers between my legs. I hadn't climaxed so strongly for months.

I must have fallen asleep for a couple of hours, because I woke up with a start when I heard them coming in through the front door and stumbling upstairs to Camilla's bedroom on the floor below mine. After only a few minutes, I could hear

the unmistakable sounds of fucking, and the pictures in my head were filled with the image of Camilla's blonde head down at Chris's dark crotch, her pink lips tightly encasing his love tool. Or his black head at one of her milky white tits, sucking her to orgasm.

It was too much for me. I crept downstairs and stood at Camilla's bedroom door, listening as she urged him on with his fucking as I came nearer. My luck was in – they'd left the door standing open, and I was able to get a close-up view of the copulating couple just a few feet away.

It was an incredible sight. Camilla was on her back at the head of the bed, her blonde minge dripping with come juices as she held her legs as wide apart as possible, stroking herself with her long, red painted nails as her calves gripped Chris's smooth shoulders. Her ankles were crossed behind his neck, so that her bum was raised off the bed. I could clearly see her buttocks clenching as Chris fed his thick, circumcised cock into her inch by inch.

I couldn't believe that they didn't hear my heart pounding and my breath panting as I drank in the scene. Chris was using his hands to feed his immense cock inside Camilla, and I couldn't believe that she was able to take it all the way to the hilt either, his mass of dark curly pubes roughly brushing against Camilla's sparse pale ones with every forward thrusting movement that he made.

When he was fully inside her cunt Chris rested for a moment, just gently rocking his hips, then starting pounding into her so furiously that her hips were leaping up off the bed. Camilla was howling like a banshee, her arms behind her head as she met Chris's thrusts with her own pelvic movements. I must have let out a moan as I felt my fingers creeping down under my dressing gown to my dripping wet pussy. I'd just started to frig myself when they spotted me!

"Your landlady's a bit of a Peeping Tomasina!" Chris grinned to Camilla, temporarily stopping his cock thrusts. They both stared at me, then Camilla invited me in.

"Don't just stand there staring, Karen," she told me. "Chris has got more than enough cock for two."

I didn't need asking twice! In seconds I was naked, my dressing gown thrown onto the floor in my haste to get onto the bed. I lay next to Camilla, my legs parted. I could see how pink and swollen her cunt was where Chris had been screwing her. I reached across and stroked the fleshy, wet folds with my fingers as Chris knelt between our parted legs, just watching.

"Finger me," Camilla whispered, opening her legs even wider so that my fingers slipped easily inside her pussy. I turned to face her on the bed and we lay really close, our bare boobs touching at the nipples, which aroused me to fever pitch. She started French kissing me, at the same time guiding my fingers down inside her velvet soft pussy hole, making me stir up all her love cream. She was so wet I couldn't believe that she'd actually managed to keep Chris's cock inside herself.

Then she began to play with my pussy as I stroked hers, dipping her slim fingers inside me and swirling them around inside my love hole, pushing them in deeper and deeper until she had all four fingers in me, making me feel totally filled. She worked my clitty with her thumb at the same time, exerting only gentle pressure but still making me tremble with lust. I almost bit her tongue off in my excitement: it was the first time I'd had another woman making love to me.

Chris didn't want to be left out for long, though. Kneeling between my legs, he joined his tongue to Camilla's fingers, both of them pushing into me in unison, Chris's tongue as stiff as a cock and seeming almost as long as he fucked me with it. Now I was on my back, Chris raising my legs over his shoulders as his head worked on my pussy. Camilla had switched her attention to my generous boobs, her tongue working over the nipples which were as hard as acorns, sucking and tweaking them with her teeth as her palms moulded over and over the mounds.

My eyes were closed and I

could barely get my breath at the delight of this two-sided onslaught. My whole body seemed to be consumed by tongues licking me, fingers probing me and the brush of bare skin against my body. But I needed things to go all the way – I needed to be fucked by that immense cock.

"I want Chris to fuck me, Camilla," I begged her. "Will you let him do it to me?"

Camilla just smiled in reply and positioned herself near my head so that she could carry on stroking and caressing me, while Chris knelt up between my legs and parted my cunt lips, licking up some stray droplets of love juice before ramming his cock right into me, really hard just like I wanted.

To my surprise, I was able to take his whole length too, and the feeling when his pubic bone came into contact with mine as he buried his cock inside me was incredible. Camilla was kissing me again now, her lips and tongue running over mine very lightly as her boyfriend contrasted by screwing me hard into the mattress. I couldn't speak with Camilla's tongue in my mouth, but I urged him on to fuck me even harder by the movement of my hips, shoving them up and down and gripping his shaft inside me.

At the same time, he used his fingers on my clitty to work me up into even more of a sexual lather: I didn't have to do anything, I just lay there and took it all. My orgasm just built up and up until I couldn't hold back the tension inside me and released it with a loud sigh. Chris waited until I'd finished my climax before he started unloading his come inside me, and the hot gushes in my cunt set me off again.

Then abruptly, he stopped, and lay Camilla on her back next to me, pushed his cock between her thighs as she lay there and started fucking her!

What a feeling, having just been satisfied myself and then watching Camilla getting a good seeing-to! Chris pumped steadily at his girlfriend, then surprised me by whipping out his tool right at the last moment to spray his load all over Camilla's small, high tits. His load seemed to come shooting out of his cock forever – and he'd already unloaded half his balls into my cunt!

"That's his trick," Camilla told me as she rubbed the wet gobs into her skin. "He can shoot half a load, then save the other half for later."

Chris just grinned as he watched his girlfriend rub the contents of his sac into her tits, and I gave her a hand, licking some of the come off and revelling in the taste of it. I found out later that they'd often indulged in threesomes, and that Chris loved it when Camilla fucked other women. She said it spurred him on to greater heights sexually – not that I'd thought his erection could have got bigger! And as you can imagine, since that night threesomes with Chris and Camilla have become a way of life in my house – and Camilla and I have been exploring more of the possibilities of lesbian sex, too. Camilla really fancies Debbie, so we've been discussing how we can introduce her to our sexual circle: when we persuade her, I'll write to Couples Confess again and tell you all about it! *– Karen, Leeds* ♣

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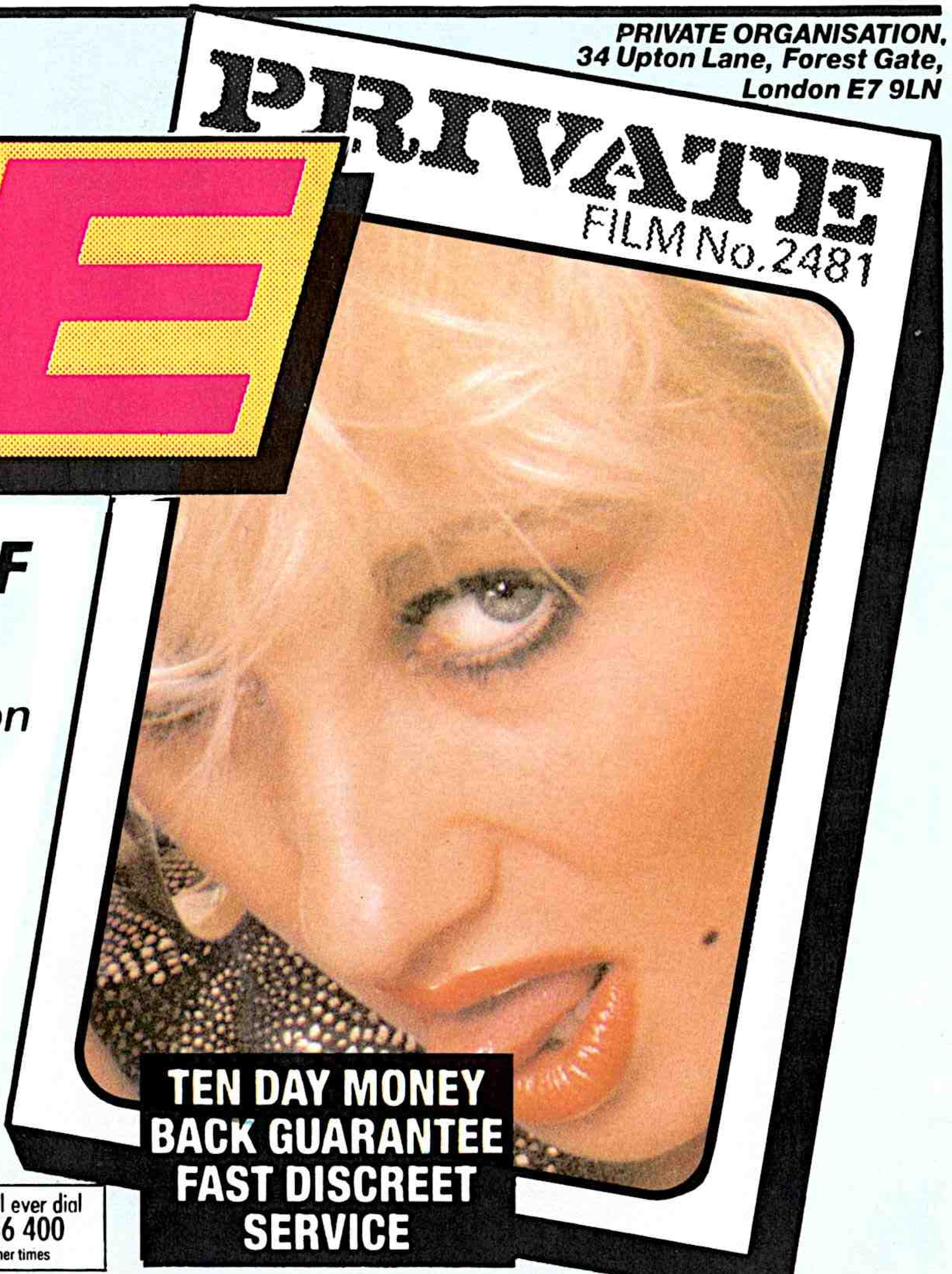

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by Jan Rostrup

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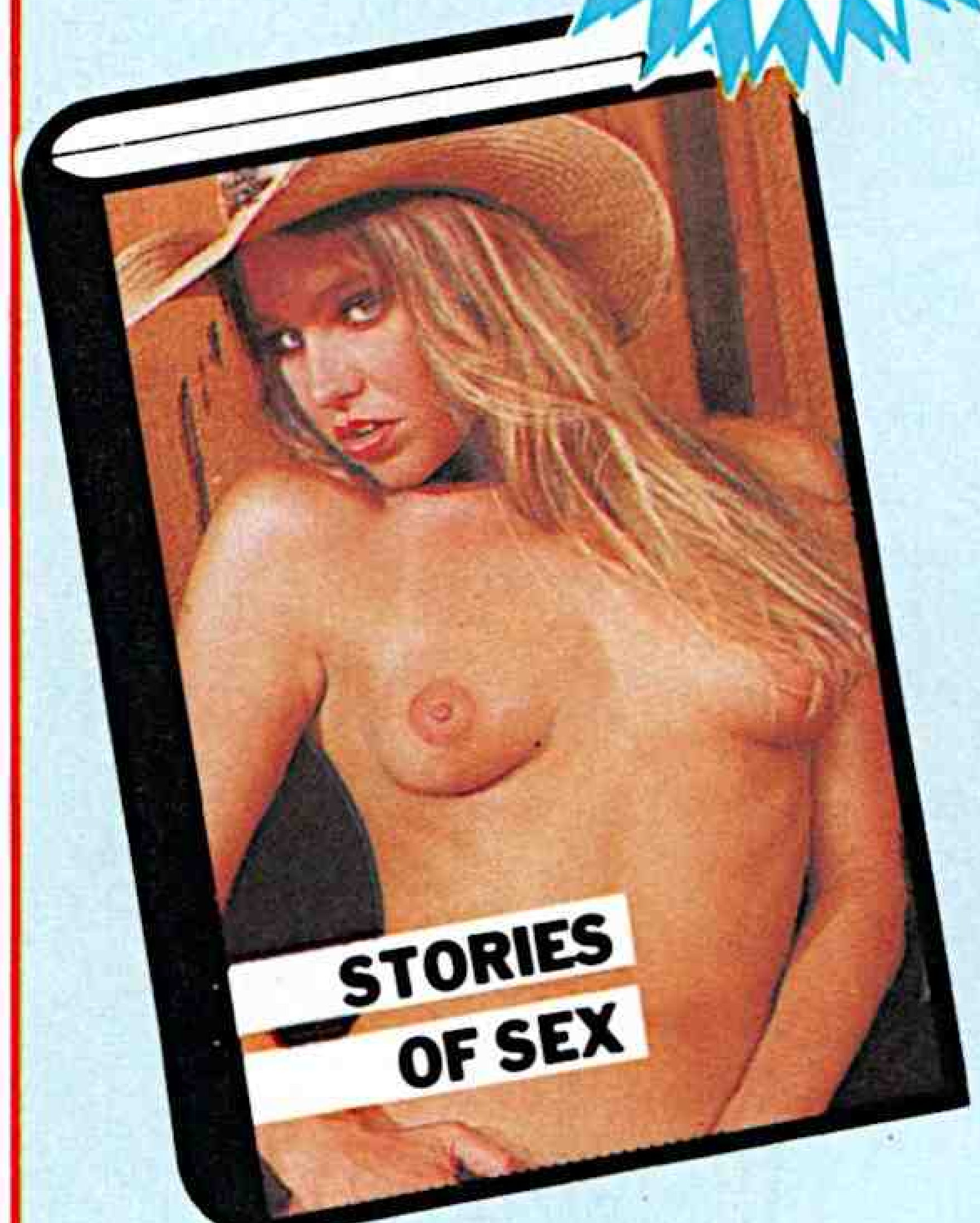

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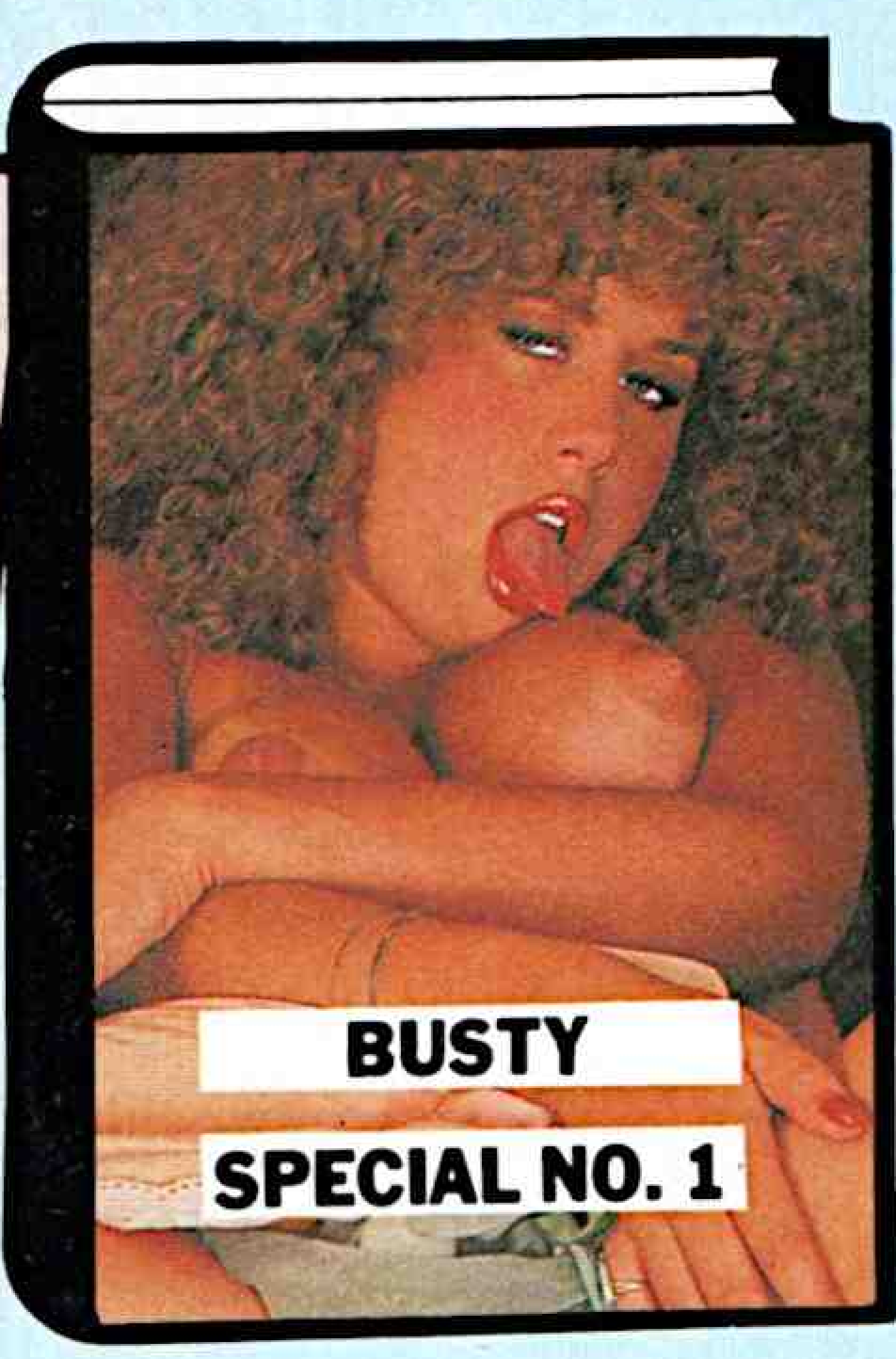

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SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) 14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St., Old Market **CARLISLE** *6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **GLOUCESTER** *17-24 Trade Offices, Cattle Market. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** *63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmorland Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *12/14 Bootham ●●● **WALES — NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St.
*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(North West)** 659 Nth Circular Rd, Brent NW2 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13, 1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16. **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARROW-IN-FURNESS** 6 Dalkeith St. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bull Ring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **CROYDON** 109a Church St. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **HARROGATE** 19 Westmorland St. *(Off East Parade)* **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** 193 London Rd. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 209 North St. Sheepscarr **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Athenaeum Place, Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. *(behind Station)* **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** 40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Row, Leith Walk **GLASGOW** 319 Gallowgate ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

SP22

PRIVATE LINES, (Dept. MW ***), 627 Forest Road, London E17 4NE.***
Please rush me, under plain cover, the 4 full length films on a VHS Video Product Code (5MA6001)

- **STORIES OF SEX**
- **BUSTY SPECIAL NO. 1**
- **NAUGHTY NEIGHBOURS**
- **ANGEL'S BACK**

I enclose cash/cheque/PO for £7.95 plus £2.05 p&p to cover the cost of compiling and despatch = total £10. If paying by cheque, add your name and address to reverse and make payable to MO Division.

*Name*______________________________________
(PLEASE USE BLOCK CAPITALS)

*Address*____________________________________

____

________________________ *Postcode*________________________

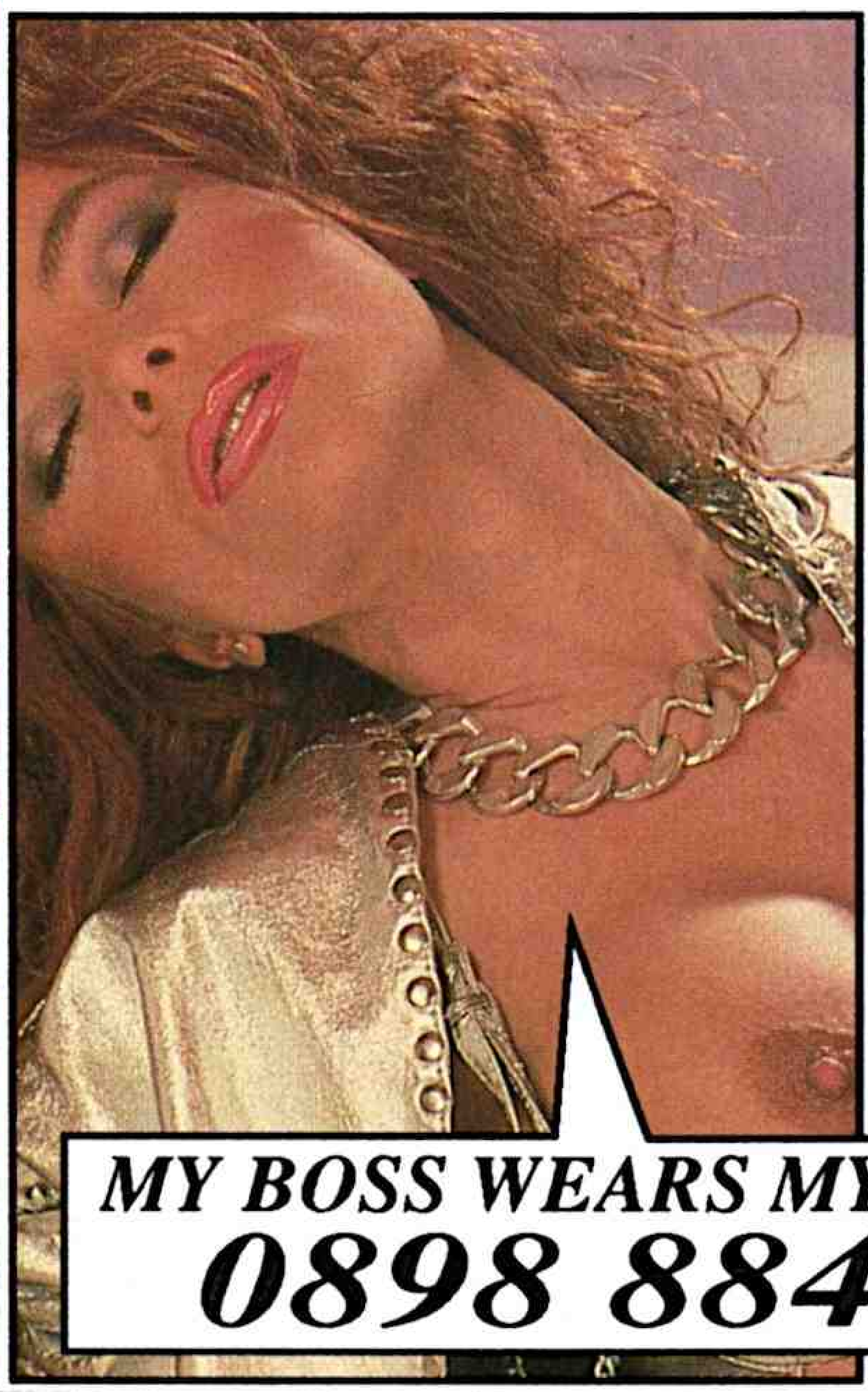
*I certify that I am over 18 years of age and have full knowledge that these films are Adult Sex Movies on a Video Cassette*__________________________ *Signed*

1511

*** FOR REALLY HOT JUICY SUCKING JUST CALL**

*** 0898 * 884 * 307 ***

OVER THE DESK 0898 884 301
RUB OIL INTO MY BOSOMS 0898 884 629
LATE NIGHT STRIP TEASE SPECIAL 0898 777 916
MEGA JUGS 0898 777 889
MY WIFE NEEDS A GOOD SCREW 0898 777 877
I'LL RUB YOU UP & DOWN SLOWLY 0898 884 706
PUMP ME HARD 0898 884 711



MY BOSS WEARS MY G-STRING
0898 884 314

MY NAUGHTY NEGLIGEE 0898 884 300
STOCKINGS & STILLETOES 0898 884 309
XXX LESBIAN SP*NK LINE 0898 884 702
FINGERING IN MY PANTIES 0898 884 703
GET IN MY SILK KNICKERS 0898 884 704
I'LL MASTURBATE YOU 0898 884 705
FEEL MY AMPLE ASSETS 0898 884 710
STUBBLY SHAVEN PUSSY 0898 777 875
A FLASH OF PINK BITS 0898 777 876
BONKED WHILE FAXING 0898 777 879
TODGER LICKER 0898 777 882
DRIBBLING CREAM 0898 777 885
WOBBLY CLEAVAGE 0898 777 886
CROTCHLESS AND COOL 0898 777 888
TONGUE JOB 0898 777 887

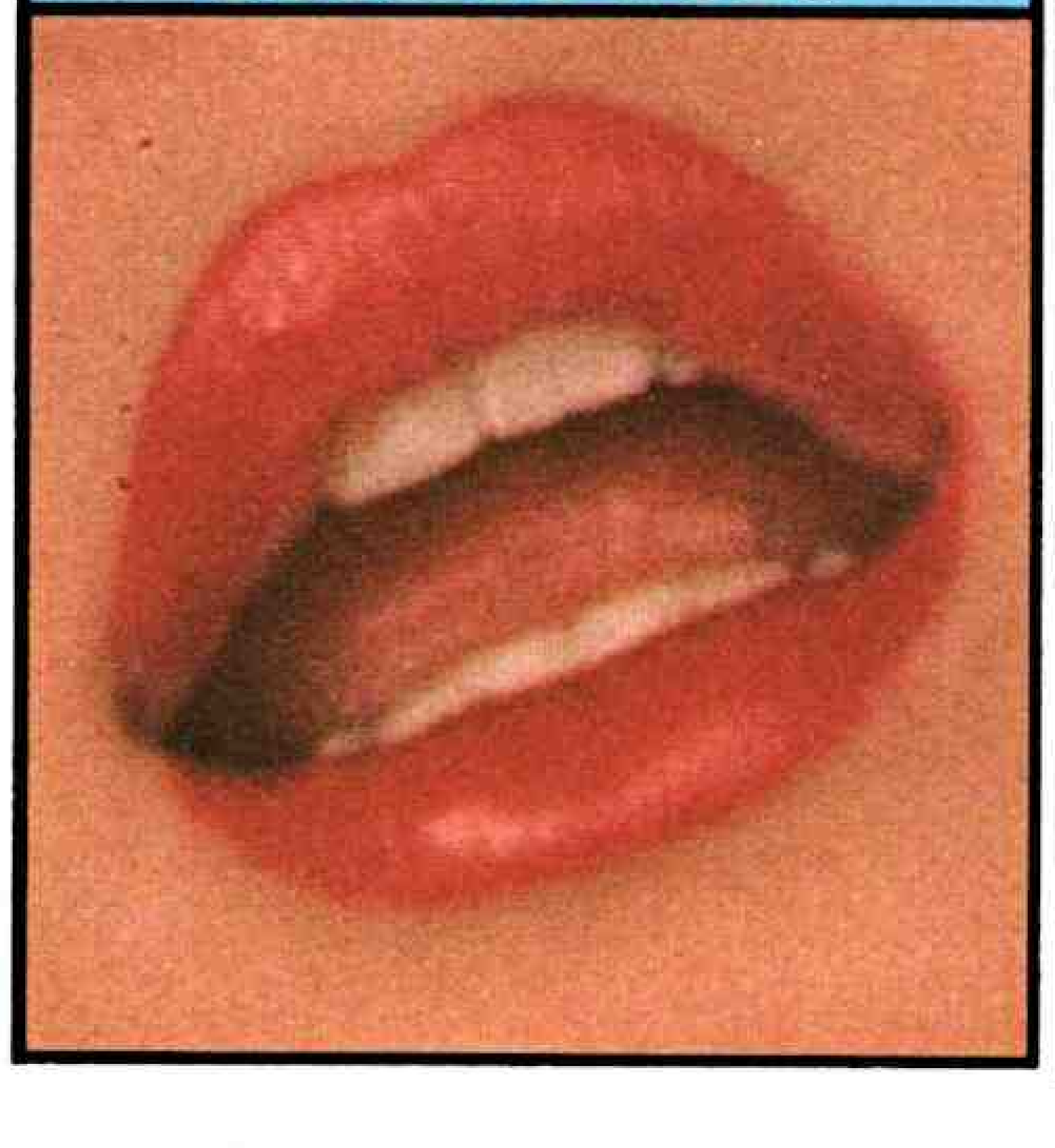
DAMP PANTIES HOT LIPS 0898 884 700

WILD & WET
HORNY SEX!!!

PUMP INTO MY HONEY POT
0898 777 915
UNFAITHFUL CONFESSIONS
0898 777 917
I'LL GO ALL THE WAY
0898 777 918
I LOVE IT UP MY A***!
0898 777 928
SUCK ON MY JUICY TITS
0898 777 929
SHAVE ME THEN BONK ME!!!
0898 884 615
MY WIFE'S HANDS EXCITE
0898 884 617
I'LL DO IT WHILE YOU WATCH
0898 884 616
I'LL TONGUE YOUR TIP
0898 884 622
CREAM DOWN MY STOCKINGS
0898 884 628

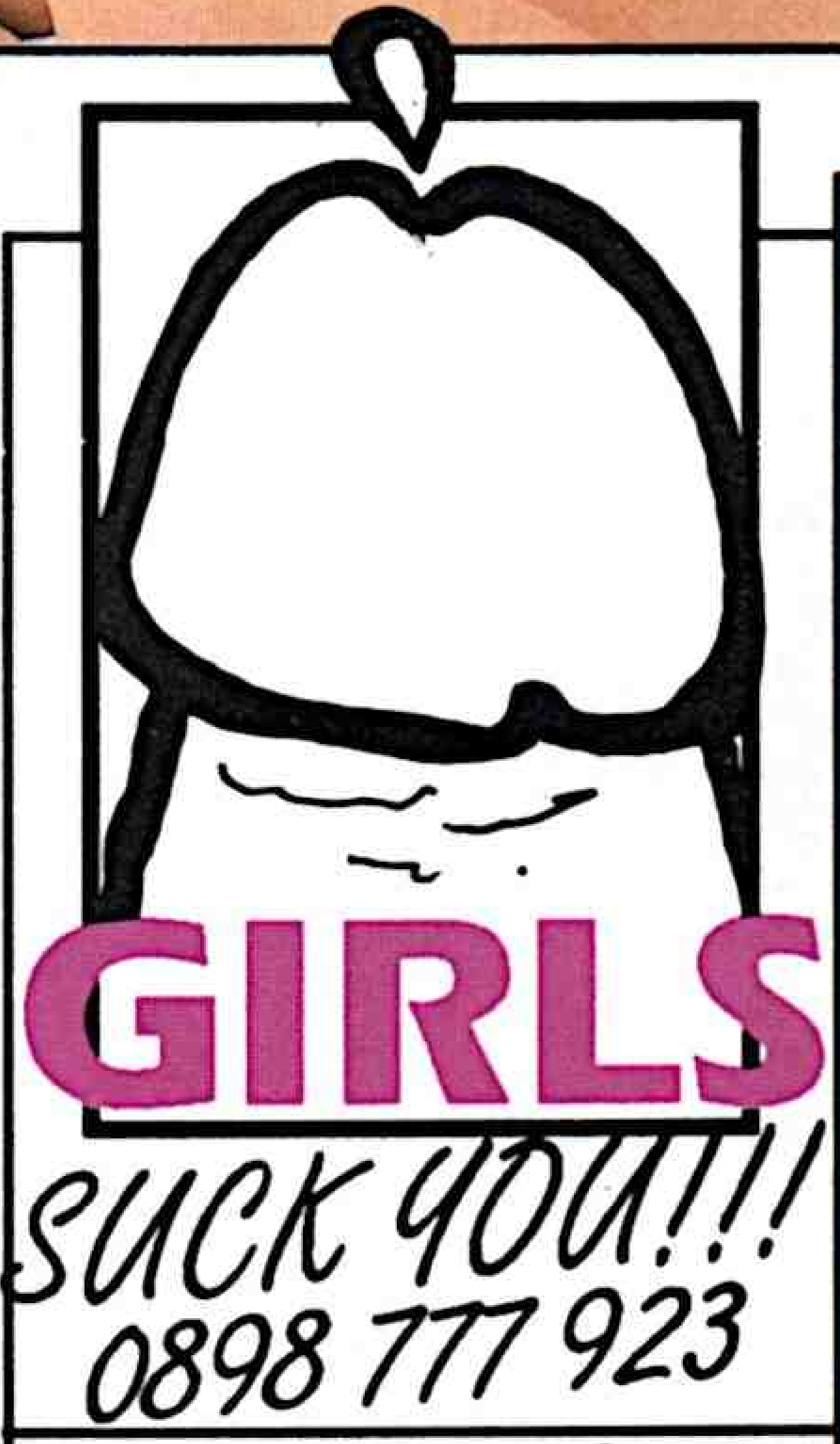
ME & MY DIRTY BOOBS 0898 884 303

SEXY IN SILK 0898 884 304
I'LL MAKE YOU CLIMAX 0898 884 305
SPREAD OPEN & READY 0898 777 878



PERSONAL RELIEF

I JUST *love to frig myself off over the phone* 0898 777 920
THIGH HIGH BOOTS, *uniform & very dominant* 0898 777 924
SHE *sniffed around my snatch* 0898 777 921
I'M RAMPANT *& randy call me now* 0898 884 618
THE *office coffee lady likes it the hard way* 0898 884 619
7 INCH *vibro, hear it purr inside me on* 0898 884 620
LADY LATEX *gets you on all fours & rides you* 0898 884 624
LESBIANS *first time - hear it on* 0898 884 302
I WANT YOU *to spurt in my hand* 0898 884 306
RUB *it between my gorgeous melons* 0898 884 310
HAVE *the dirtiest time of your life on* 0898 884 312
BENT *over so you can have a peek* 0898 884 708
LESBIAN *lickers love it* 0898 777 881
OILED *up nympho needs talking off* 0898 884 713
LETS *put our masks on & get at it* 0898 777 884
DIRTY BUM *taken over the desk* 0898 777 919
SEX *talk for your boob fetish* 0898 777 926
MY WIFE *loves a good spanking* 0898 884 623
DD BRA BUSTERS *need nussling in* 0898 884 626
LICK *my pussy's pouting lips* 0898 884 627
TAKE *my clothes off* 0898 884 308
A BIT *of fanny in the office* 0898 884 701
SATISFY *me from behind* 0898 884 709
THE *sounds of hard self sex* 0898 884 712
T.V. *talks dirty for you* 0898 884 714
FROLICING *with my fingers* 0898 777 880
SPOUSE *wants w*nking* 0898 777 883



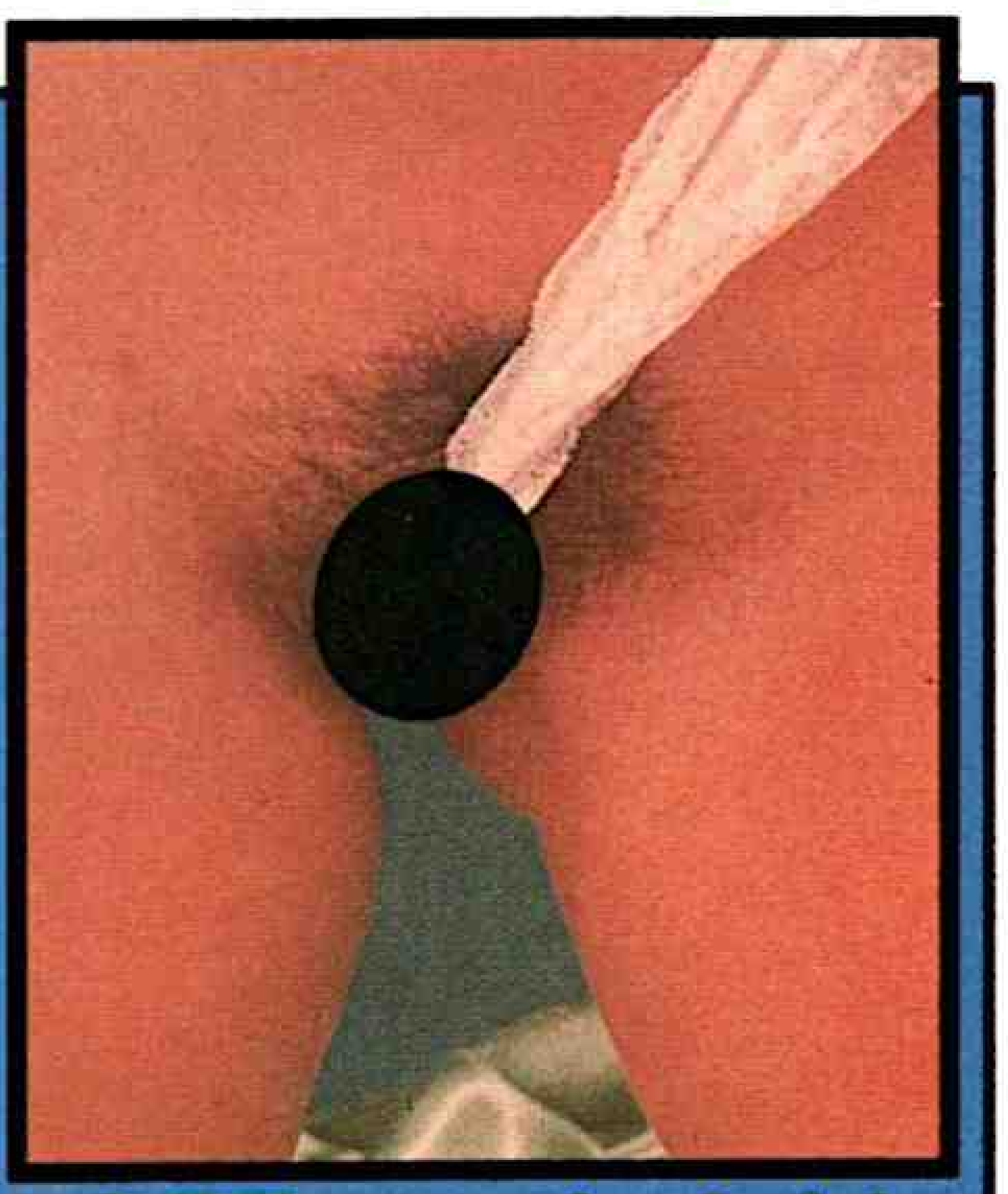
OPEN *my legs & get between them* 0898 884 625

I'LL SPREAD YOUR LEGS & LICK YOUR BALL BAGS!!! 0898 777 925

2 GIRLS SUCKING ACTION 0898 884 621

I'LL TEASE YOUR SHAFT AROUND MY LIPS!!! 0898 777 927

D.D. PO BOX 649, LONDON, EC1V 9UU.
CALLS 36p/MIN. CHEAP, 48p/MIN.
OTHER TIMES. PRG/19 /A.



GET *stuck right into me* 0898 884 313

STUFF ME WITH YOUR MEATBONE 0898 884 311

TEACH THIS OLDER LADY ORAL - SHE'S NEVER DONE IT! 0898 777 922

UNZIP & I'LL GO DOWN SLOWLY 0898 884 707

Come
Over my Tits
0338 402 761

OLDER WOMAN
WANTS HER
TITS SUCKED
0338 402 439

Lesbian Nurses Orgy
0338 402 694

I'll Toss You Off!
0338 402 596

Spurt in my Face-Big Boy
0338 402 456

Secretary Needs Spanking
0338 402 450

I'll Talk Filthy-you W**k
0338 402 451

My Bum is Sore
0338 402 598

My wife (25) tongued my cousin (21)
0338 402 594

I'll Suck you to Climax
0338 402 779

Masturbate
With Me
0338 402 794

XXX Certificate

Filthy Dirty Spunky Listeners Letters
0338 402 686

FILTHY SEX LINES

2 Guys 1 Girl = Porno Action.......... 0338 402 791
Auntie Wants Dirty Sex.......... 0338 402 697
Sister Will Suck You Off.......... 0338 402 452
Jill & Kate - Dirty Shaven Lesbians.......... 0338 402 699
Wear My Panties and W**k.......... 0338 402 695
19yr Old Wants 40yr Old Man.......... 0338 402 431
Lick My Bum - Finger My Fanny.......... 0338 402 792
After 12 Spunky Porno Bonk Action.......... 0338 402 769

Calls charged at 36p per minute cheap rate & 48p per minute at all other times Northglow Ltd PO Box 16 RG11 7DZ

LET'S MASTURBATE TOGETHER 0338 400 762

CALLERS EXPLICIT CONFESSIONS 0338 400 851

2 SISTERS WILL W**K YOU 0338 400 807

SPANK MY BARE ARSE
0338 400 730

COME OVER MY TITS
0338 400 797

ORAL SEX
SPURT IN MY MOUTH
0338 400 999
DEBEE ASHBY
GIVES HANDJOB
0338 400 932
HEAR ME
MASTURBATE MYSELF
0338 400 690
PART MY
& INSERT
0338 400 676
MY WIFE (25) TONGUED
0338 400 870

Warning
HIGHLY
EXPLICIT
NATURE

LESBIANS
HOUSEWIFE'S PVC ORGY
0338 400 811
DO IT TO ME
DOGGYSTYLE
0338 400 768
LICK MY CL*T-
MAKE ME COME
0338 400 892
OLD WANTS
DIRTY OLD MAN TO W**K
0338 400 783
VIRGIN'S FANNY
NEEDS A STIFFY
0338 400 773

Bonk my
wife-sore
0338 400 761

IN MY MOUTH
& UP MY CRACK
0338 400 794

AFTER 12PM STIFF DICK SPECIAL 0338 400 826
AFTER 2AM MOIST PUSSY ACTION 0338 400 821

CALLS CHARGED 36P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48P AT ALL OTHER TIMES BESTRICH LTD PO BOX 1073 LONDON W2

HORNY TALK

AUNTY IN LESBIAN ROMP 0898 884 321

ON ALL FOURS 0898 884 319

I'LL SIT ON IT 0898 900 506

PHONE - A BUST 0898 884 326

CLASSIFIED

Hold onto my wobbly ones 0898 900 510
I'll do what the wife won't 0898 900 511
Sex with the secretary 0898 777 819
Large breasts smothered in oil 0898 777 826
You thrust, I'll swallow 0898 777 822
Bimbo in lycra 0898 900 504
Do you fancy a jump? 0898 900 505

JUNIOR DESIRES 0898 900 501

BE MY OFFICE SLAVE FOR A DAY 0898 884 201

LISTEN TO ME DO IT NOW 0898 884 203

RANDY LESBIANS IN RUBBER 0898 884 202

BARE BOTTOM WAITING 0898 884 209

SUCK MY LACY PANTIES 0898 884 200

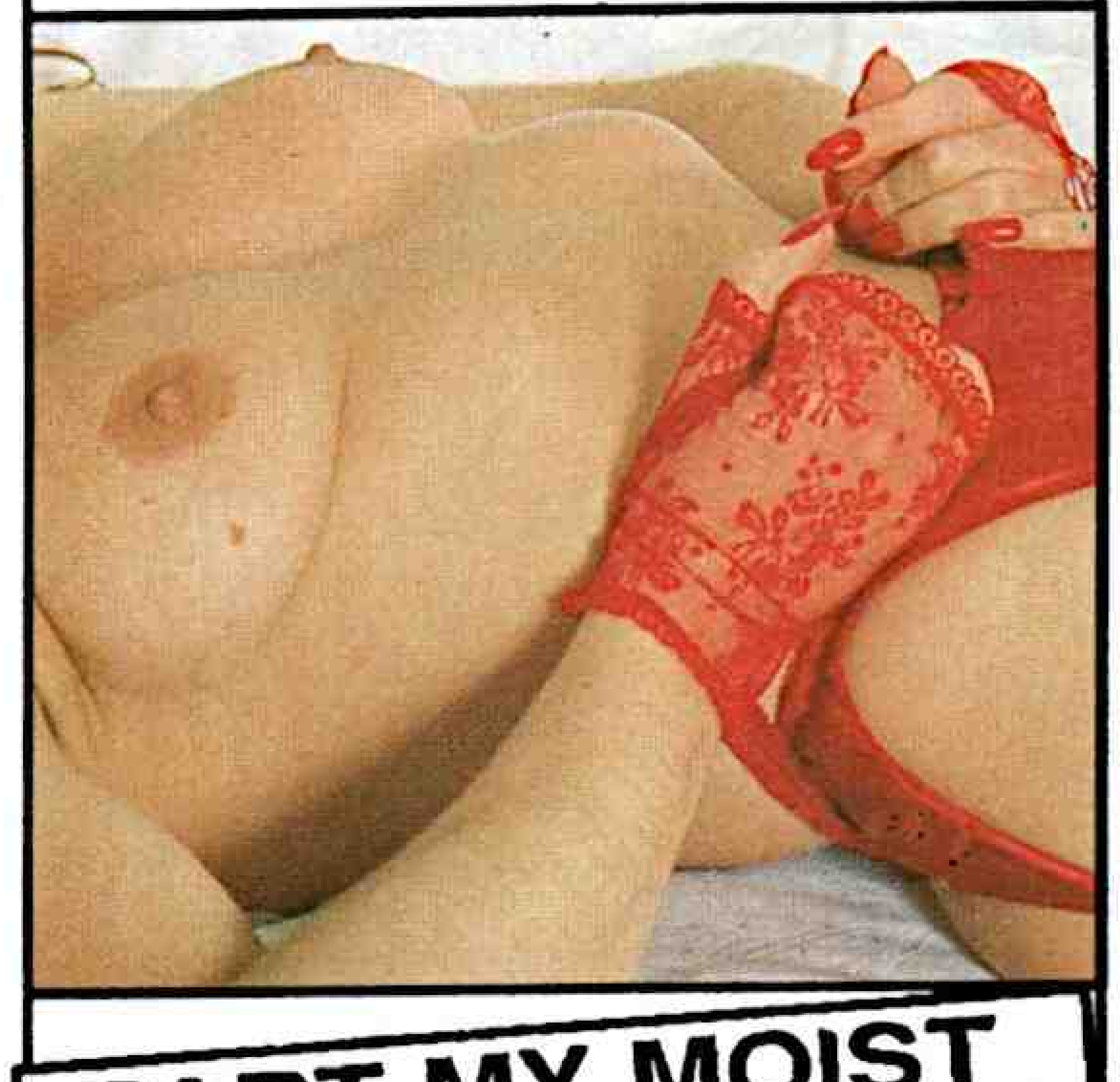
MASTURBATION SPECIAL 0898 884 205

PULL ON YOUR PUDDING 0898 884 206

TUG ON MY TITTIES 0898 884 210

DREAM OVER THE SHEETS 0898 884 208

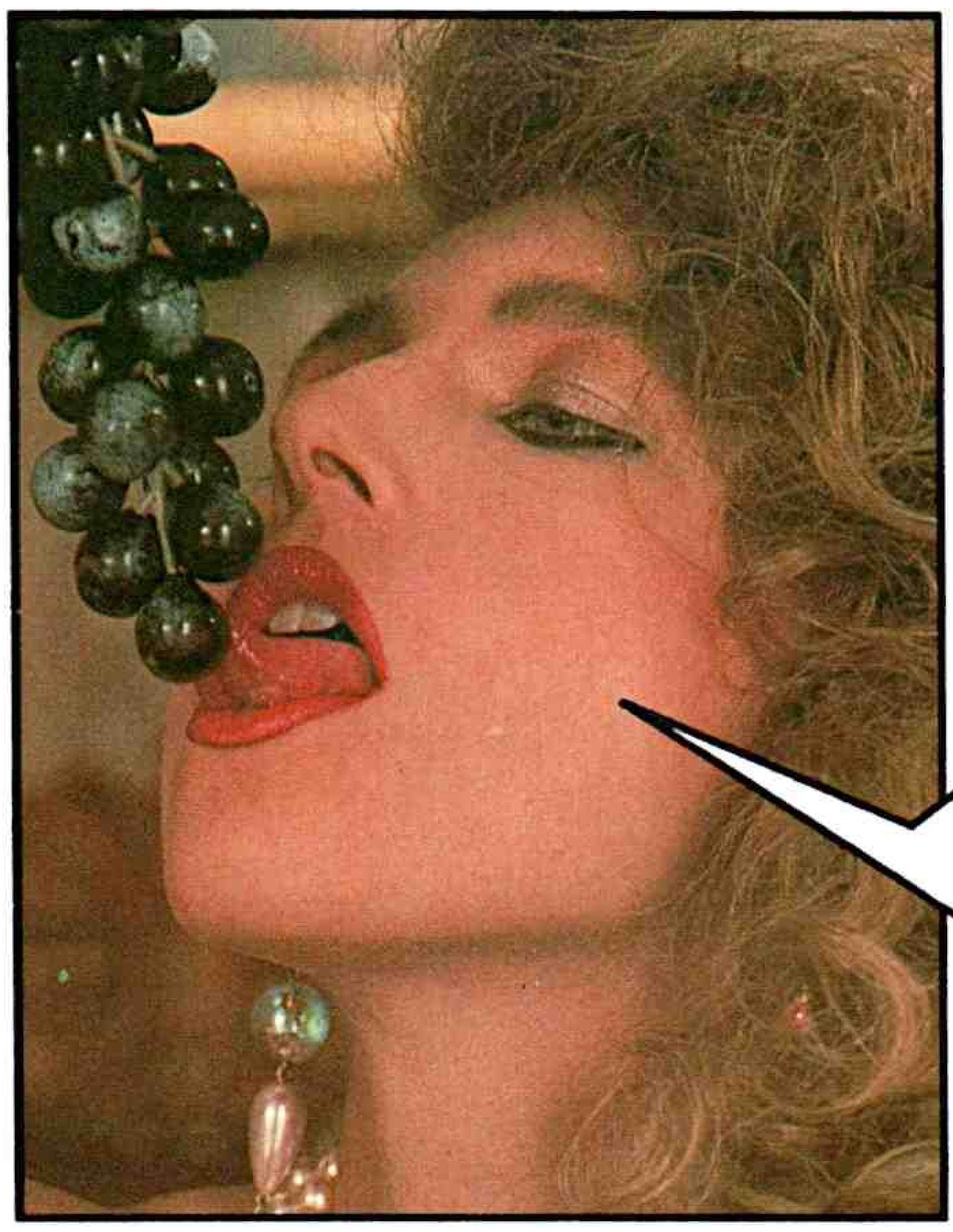
CROSS DRESS FOR SEX 0898 884 214



PART MY MOIST LIPS 0898 884 316

RAM IT IN MY MOUTH 0898 884 207

XXX ADULT SEX



I LOVE TO DO IT ALONE!!! 0898 884 320

AMPLE ASSETS 0898 884 329

I ALWAYS NEED ATTENTION 0898 900 513

RAUNCHY SEX SOUNDS 0898 884 317

I'LL FONDLE YOUR STIFF ROD 0898 884 323

MY MOUTH IS FULL!!! 0898 884 322

CREAM IN MY MOUTH 0898 884 327

I'M EXHIBITING MYSELF 0898 777 816

PHONE A GROAN 0898 777 820

MY DIRTY STICKY BITS!!! 0898 900 500

I'LL UNLOAD YOUR LOT 0898 900 507

FRUSTRATED HOUSEWIFE 0898 777 817

DRESS FOR DISIPLINE 0898 777 823

ALL GIRL STRAP ON PARTY 0898 777 821

CLASSIFIEDS

Women watch each other masturbate 0898 900 502
I'll tell you what I'm doing over the phone 0898 900 512
Shaven minge growing back stubbly & sharp 0898 777 815
Let me know your fetish & we will act it out 0898 777 824
My tongue will make you tingle 0898 777 827
Mature lady in a girdle - if your into older women 0898 884 204
I've done it all - totally experienced 0898 884 211
Pull my panties to one side & poke me 0898 884 328
I'm always ready for business 0898 884 318
I'm on all fours - do the bizz 0898 884 212

Dirty nympho's friday night 0898 884 213
Shaven bald & ready to climax 0898 884 315
Lusty red head in wet latex 0898 884 324
I'm on my knees begging for it 0898 884 325
Let me fondle your horny bulge 0898 900 508
Transvestite will tell you tales 0898 900 514
One large willy in my mouth 0898 777 825
Naughty knickers & red high heels 0898 777 828
Dial me and do it between them 0898 777 829
Don't just sit there - call me 0898 777 818
My bottom for your pleasure 0898 900 509
Be firm with me - master 0898 900 503

D.D. PO BOX 649, LONDON, EC1V 9JU.
CALLS 36p/MIN. CHEAP. 48p/MIN.
OTHER TIMES. PRG/18/25/A.

NEW EXPLICIT
FINGER MY SEX BUTTONS
0898 77 11 06

ORAL SEX- SPURT IN MY MOUTH
0898 316 054

GENUINE CALLERS - DIRTY SEX SECRETS	RUDE LESBIAN PUSSY ACTION	LETS WANK TOGETHER
0898 771 105	0898 771 113	0898 771 115
HOUSEWIFE SUCKS W/E 18yr OLD	SPURT BETWEEN MY BIG TITS	FINGER ME - I'LL TALK DIRTY
0898 771 139	0898 771 147	0898 771 151
3 TIGHT LESBIANS - LIVE ACTION	MY SHAVEN PUSSY IS OPEN	DOGGY STYLE - PUMP ME PLEASE
0898 771 157	0898 771 170	0898 771 182

TWO NURSES SPREAD FOR SPUNKY SEX
0898 316 053

Late Night Sex
after 11.00pm - RUDE PHONE SEX
0898 77 11 88
after 12.00pm - EXPLICIT IMPORTS
0898 77 11 58
after 2.00pm - CONFESSIONS
0898 77 11 83

DESDE ESPANA LLAMA AL
PORNO HOT: 903 301 702

RSL PO BOX 475 SW4 6QB.
Calls charged at 36p per minute cheap rate, 48p per minute all other times.

LIVE CALL BACK

Pick a Fantasy And Lets Talk!

CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED
0831 240 800

WENDY 0898 77 11 97

British
RUDEST PHONELINE
TOP 10
READERS HORNY SEX CONFESSIONS
0898 204 215

EXPLICIT ORAL SEX
I'LL SWALLOW IT
0898 456 646
HUBBY WATCHES WIFE TAKEN BY TWO MEN
0898 77 11 41
SUE SPREADS FOR BLACK COCK
0898 204 217

LUCY 0898 77 11 36

SINDY 0898 77 11 38

NANCY 0898 77 11 84

I'LL SIT ON YOUR FACE
0898 77 11 44
OLDER WOMEN (BIG TITS) LOVES YOUNG COCK
0898 77 11 43
SHAG ME FROM BEHIND
0898 77 11 02

EX - NURSE I'LL SUCK YOUR THICK MEAT
0898 77 11 24
LESBIAN OPEN LEG SEX ACTION
0898 77 11 52
PLEASE FINGER MY WET SHAVEN FANNY
0898 77 11 37

MANDY 0898 77 11 40

FANNY 0898 77 11 29

Late Nite Hardcore Sex Clubs
AFTER 9.00 - ORAL & ENTRY
0898 204 218
AFTER 12.00 - EXPLICIT SPURT ACTION
0898 204 219
AFTER 2.00 - TIGHT, SHAVEN PUSSY CLUB
0898 204 220

HEAR ME W**K
0338 402 992

F****D FROM BEHIND 0338 40 30 96
2 GUYS BONK 1 GIRL 0338 402 995
MY VIBRATORS UP ME 0338 404 792

W**K MY WIFE
0338 402 996

ORAL SEX - COME IN MY MOUTH
0338 40 30 91
NEW
DO IT TO ME DOGGYSTYLE
0338 40 30 95
FINGER MY SHAVEN PUSSY
0338 40 30 97
SECRETARY WILL SUCK YOU OFF
0338 404 794
LESBIAN NURSES DILDO ORGY
0338 404 790
NEW
W**K TO ORGASMIC SEX TALK
0338 40 30 84

NEW
PART MY LIPS & INSERT
0338 40 30 93
SHAG ME OVER THE DESK
0338 40 40 94
JULIE LICKED OUT MY FANNY
0338 40 30 99
SPURT OVER MY PUSSY
0338 40 30 92

LET'S W**K
TOGETHER
0338 402 993

0338 402 994

JANE & MARIE'S DILDO ORGY 0338 404 787

After 9pm Ball Hardening Special 0338 404 797
After 12pm Lesbian Dildo Pump Action 0338 40 30 83

W**K MY WIFE
0338 402 996

Calls charged at 36p per min cheap rate 48p at all other times Northglow Ltd PO box 16 RG11 7DZ

I LOVE IT
DOGGYSTYLE
0338 405 505

FIONA (18) LICKS
RUTH'S (21) PUSSY
0338 405 515

Hear me Masturbate
0338 405 565

ORGASM
WITH ME
0338 405 503

Uncensored Spunky
Orgasmic Sex Confessions
0338 405 555

HORNY 18YR OLD
TALKS FILTHY
0338 405 512

I'LL W**K YOU
TO CLIMAX
0338 405 524

I'll use my
dildo you w**k
0338 405 582

ORAL SEX-
SPUNK IN MY MOUTH
0338 405 501

I'LL STRIP YOU
MASTURBATE
0338 405 579

SPUNKY SEX
WITH MY SISTER
0338 405 509

LESBIAN SEX
0338 405 563

Secretary wants to spank your wife
0338 405 578

EROTIC TELEPHONE
HANDJOB
0338 405 547

AFTER 12 ORAL
SPURT CLUB
0338 400 130

AFTER 2 LESBIAN
NURSES ORGY
0338 400 160

NURSE WANTS
SPANKING
0338 405 504

SPUNK OVER
MY FACE
0338 405 532

Spread my legs - then f**k me
0338 405 506

wants SEX 0338 405 508

CALLS CHARGED 36P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48P AT ALL OTHER TIMES OYSTERPALM LTD PO BOX 4LY LONDON W1

RELIEF LINE
Run by women for men only
I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT!
0898 442 183
*YOU ONLY PAY FOR THE COST OF THE CALL. NO CREDIT CARDS.
LIVE DIAL
Introductory Offer. Lines Open 24 Hours
WE CAN ARRANGE A SEX CONTACT IN YOUR AREA TOO. Dial 0898 442 755
LIVE 0272 227721

DIAL AN ORGASM

0898 442 002

Our girls (or gays) will talk you through to orgasm in a special way. Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, also a rolled up newspaper with a wet end and tissues.

I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT
0898 362 575

WHY BOTHER?

To listen to a recording of some bird reading a script when you can really get off by listening in to live sex chats. We recorded the hottest. So listen...

Nympho talking to XXXX	0898 442 742
Older Woman	0898 362 574
19 Year Old & 20 Year Old	0898 362 581
Two Girl Special	0898 442 777
Lesbian Talking to Lesbian	0898 442 760
Gay talking to Gay	0898 442 198
Heavy Girl talking to Wimp	0898 442 187
TV Talking to Older Woman	0898 442 751
General Listening Line	0898 442 756

LISTEN IN

to sex conversations (you do not have to speak if you don't want to) three line system

DIAL 0898 THEN THE NO.s

GAY TALKING TO GAY
442 186

LESBIAN TALKING TO LESBIAN
442 746

BUTCH GIRL TALKING TO WIMP
442 759

GENERAL SEX LINE
442 741

GIRLS AVAILABLE NOW

Call now and one of our sexy girls will talk to you live

0898 442 775

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

DO IT TO ME

OVER THE PHONE

0898 442 758

NO nonsense
NO run around
Sex phone girls who do sex talk for pleasure
0898 362 569

Home made recordings and live sex talk, where you can listen in. Many kinky specials and you can join the club if you want.

Playing By Myself	0898 442 191
Big Bang Line	0898 442 190
I'll Get It Out	0898 442 184
Horny College Girls	0898 442 740
Sucking Girls	0898 442 774
Blonde 20 Year Old	0898 442 752
With My Neighbour	0898 442 189
Three In A Bed	0898 442 772

I AM DOING IT WHILE YOU DO IT TOO!
0898 362 556
If engaged dial girls on call 24 hours
SPECIAL LISTENING LINE 0898 442 735

XXX CLIMAX

Let's Come Together	0898 442 182
Inside My Panties	0898 362 579
I'll Lick You All Over	0898 442 745
Let Me Suck You Dry	0898 442 754
Take Me From Behind	0898 442 188
Come Over My Boobs	0898 362 557
Short Skirt, No Knickers	0898 442 185
My Hand Gives Relief	0898 442 770

24 HOUR GAY TALK

JUST LISTEN IN

0898 442 748

DIRTY TALK

MATURE WOMEN ARE WAITING FOR YOU TO CALL, NO FEES CONTACT THEM ON 0898 362 573

CLASSIFIED LINE, P.O. BOX 358, CAMBRIDGE CB2 5EF. CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES.
NOTE - Some 0272 numbers may refer you to 0898 numbers.

NEW

EUROPEAN CONNECTIONS
WE DELIVER THE HARDEST !

CANNED LUST !

JUST COME ALL OVER ME I JUST FXXXXXG LOVE IT
0898 442 065

I'LL TALK FILTHY WHILE YOU COME !!
0898 442 076

I'M 18 & NEED A GOOD SHAFTING
0898 700 307

LETS MASTURBATE TOGETHER
0898 700 308

SPURT IT ALL IN MY MOUTH
0898 700 336

GET YOUR FACE DOWN TO MY WET PANTIES & SUCK !!
0898 700 338

LET ME SHAVE THEN YOU CAN FXXX ME!
0898 700 345

MOUTHING SPECIALS

I'M A GIRL WHO SUCKS ! (ORAL)
0898 700 370

LICK MY TITS & BITE THE TIPS
0898 700 371

LET ME MILK YOU DRY BABY
0898 700 372

TONGUE JOB
0898
442
719

STRAIGHT IN THE MOUTH
0898
362
683

WENDY
I'll Tongue your tip and drive you wild, so ring.....0898 362 641

LISA
I just love it Doggy Style give me a ring and do it to me, I scream for you.....0898 100 481

CANDIS
Let me lick your Balls baby, I'll make you shoot !...0898 100 453

TRISH
Go on feel my fanny while I talk Dirty to you.............0898 700 391

SARAH
Listen to me with my Cucumber see if I can take it all up me. ring me on..............0898 700 377

KATE Fill me up lover boy..... 0898 700 376

MY WET FANNY
0898
700
374

FINGER ME TILL I COME !
0898 442 720

SQUEEZE MY TITS HARD !!
0898 442 721

DIRTY & HORNY GIRLS TO GIVE QUICK ORGASMS
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LESBIAN LINES
0898 442 005
STRICT & MATURE
0898 442 066

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Genuine Hard Sex Talk by Girls who do it for pleasure only. - No Credit Cards.

or just listen on
0898 442 075

GOBBLE SPECIAL 0898 442 084
(Recorded live on the job!)

SEX NOISES

WE GOT THEM TO DO THE BUSINESS & GOT THE MICROPHONE IN VERY CLOSE

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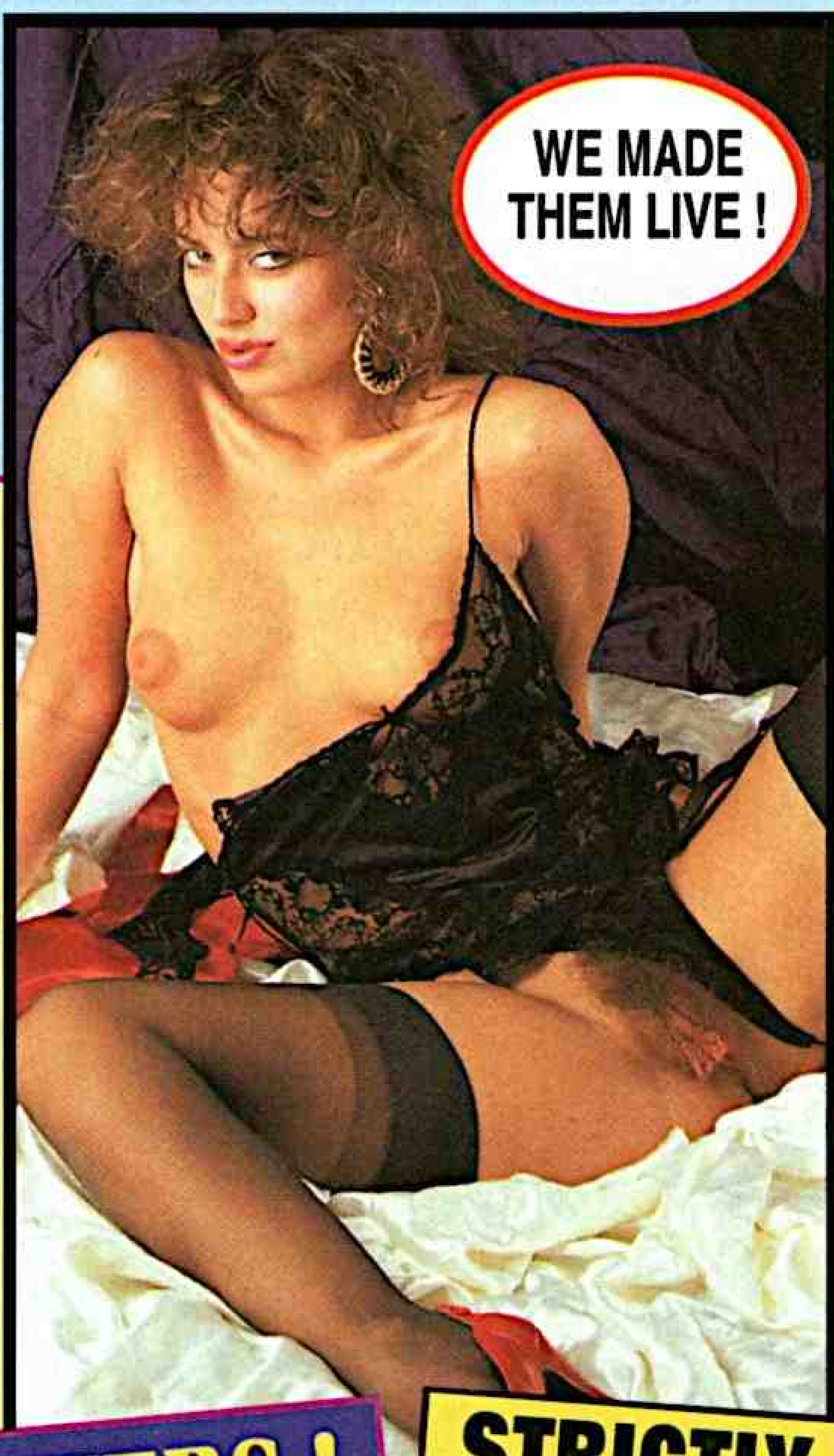
Disgusting sexual noises	0898 100 498
Straight Masturbation	0898 362 503
Sticky and wet Wendy	0898 362 508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SEX TALK

TELEPHONE BLOW JOB
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LISTEN TO SEX SCREAMS
0898 362 610
HEAR ME SHAVE
0898 362 611
DOGGY TALK
0898 362 613

I TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT 0898 362 639

ALSO:
18 year old
0898 362 640
Older Woman
0898 362 642
Strict talker
0898 362 643
Talk filthy to me while I do it !
0898 362 645

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STRICTLY ADULT

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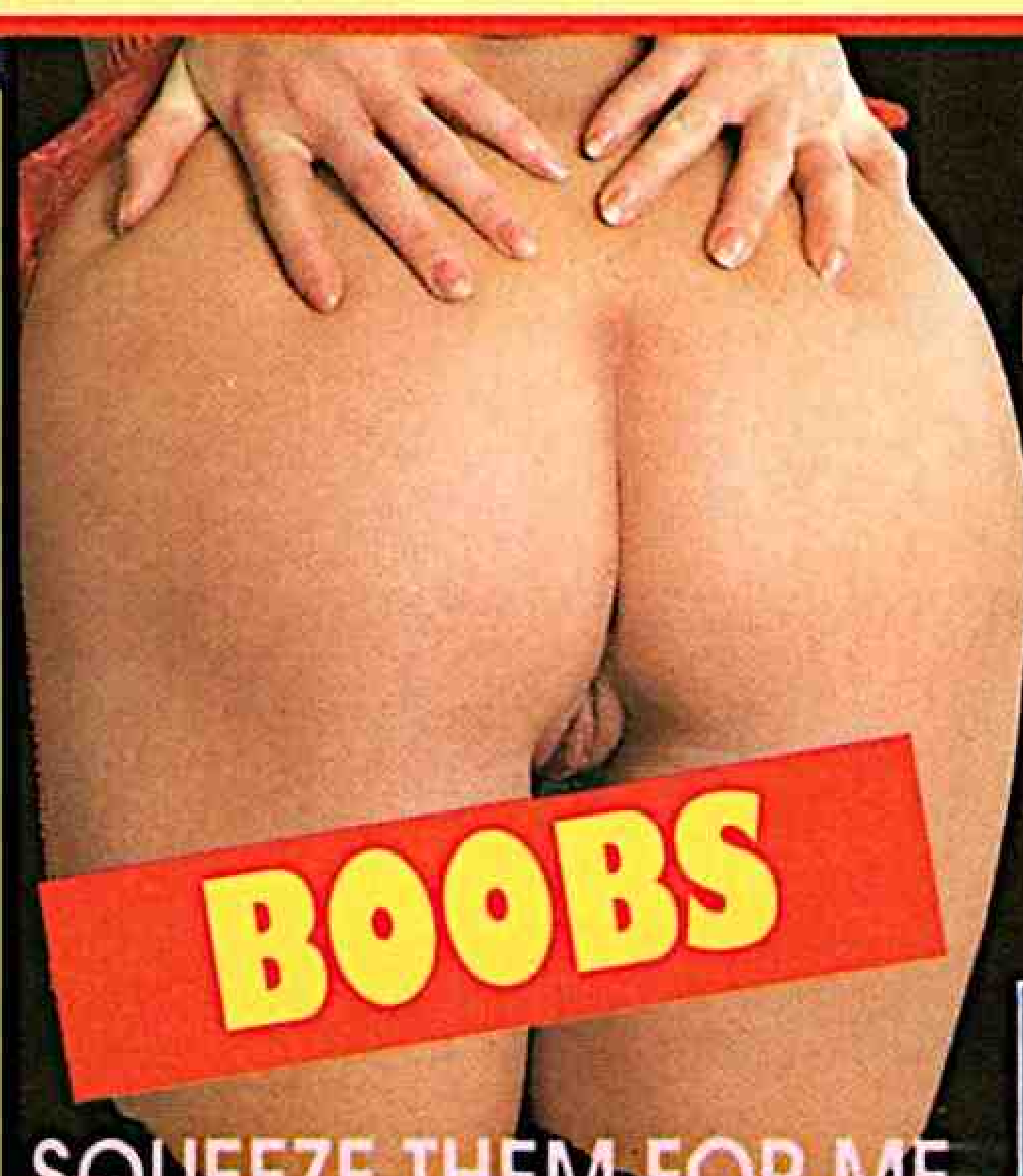
LESBIAN LINES	0898 300 883
GAY LINES	0898 300 889
PERSUASIVE WOMAN	0898 300 893
STRONG WOMAN	0898 300 896
BIZZARE	0898 300 899

WE DIDN'T Know they were doing it and we do not care anyway !!

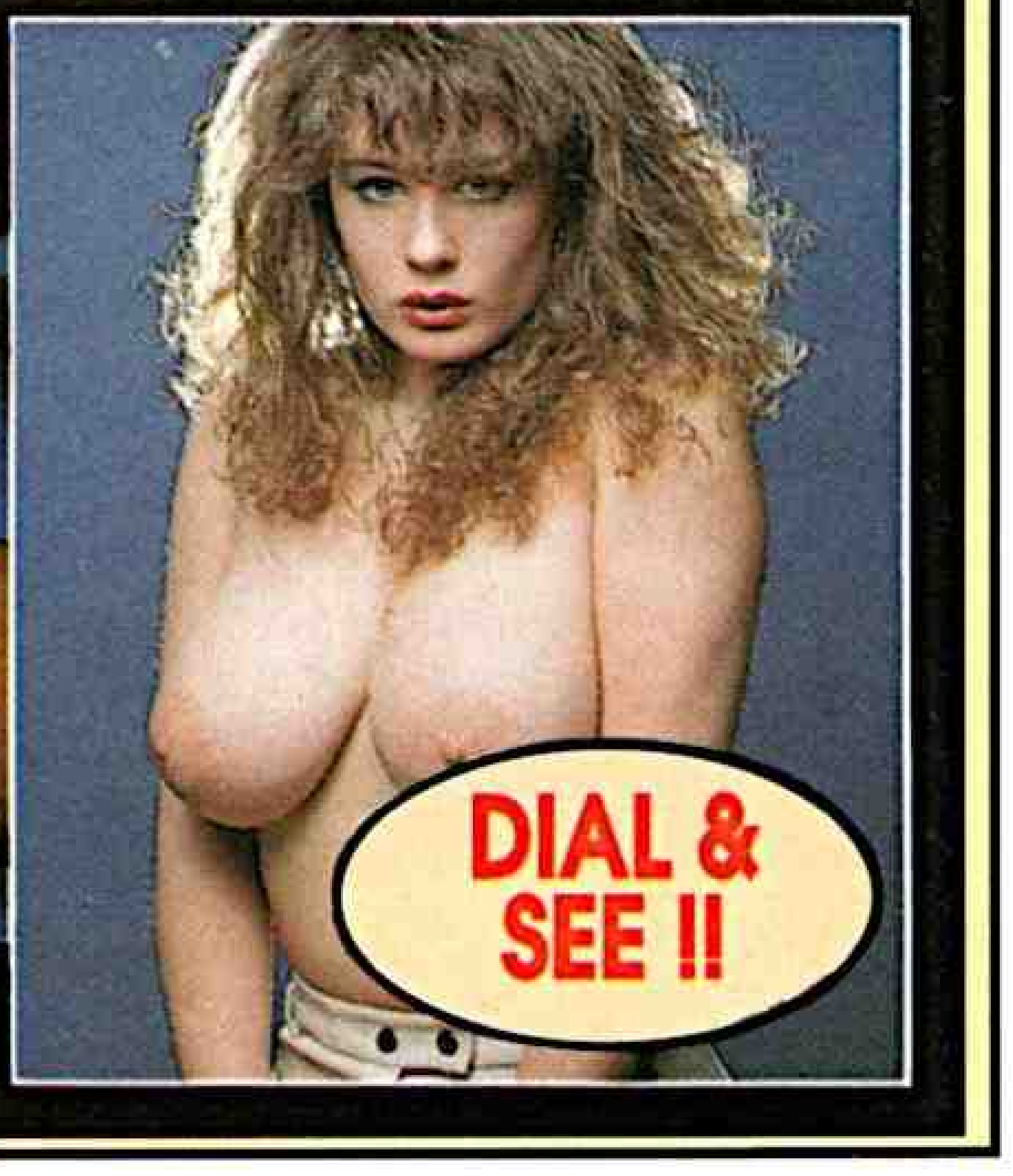
BOTTOM FETISHES



RUDE FETISH
0898 362 646
PERFECT PERT REAR
0898 362 647
MY BIG BUM
0898 362 662
BETWEEN MY CHEEKS
0898 442 799

BOOBS

SQUEEZE THEM FOR ME
0898 300 872
READY TO BE LICKED
0898 300 873
COME BETWEEN MY TITS
0898 300 874



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NYMPHO LESBIANS DOING IT LIVE
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0898 442 895
LISTEN TO ME COME AS I SHAVE MYSELF

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(ORAL GOBBLING DONE LIVE)
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SEX TALK
I will be your SEX SLAVE
0898 442 819

RIP OFF MY PANTIES & DO ME
0898 442 415

DOGGY FASHION SEX TALK
0898 442 906

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0898 442 544

SEX DATE
IMMEDIATE COMPUTER SEARCH NOW
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HAVE A BAR OF SOAP READY
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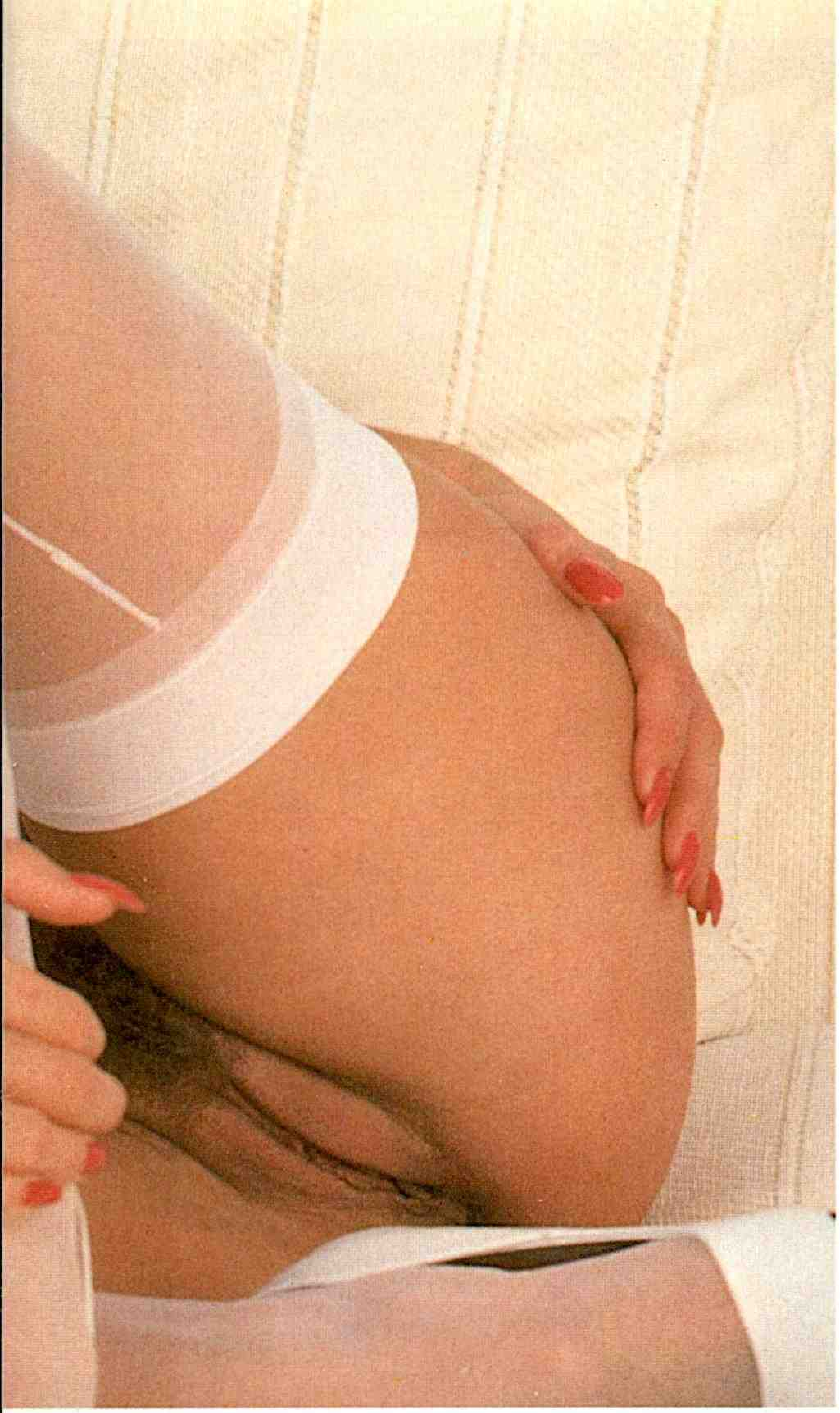
Photographs by Scott Evans



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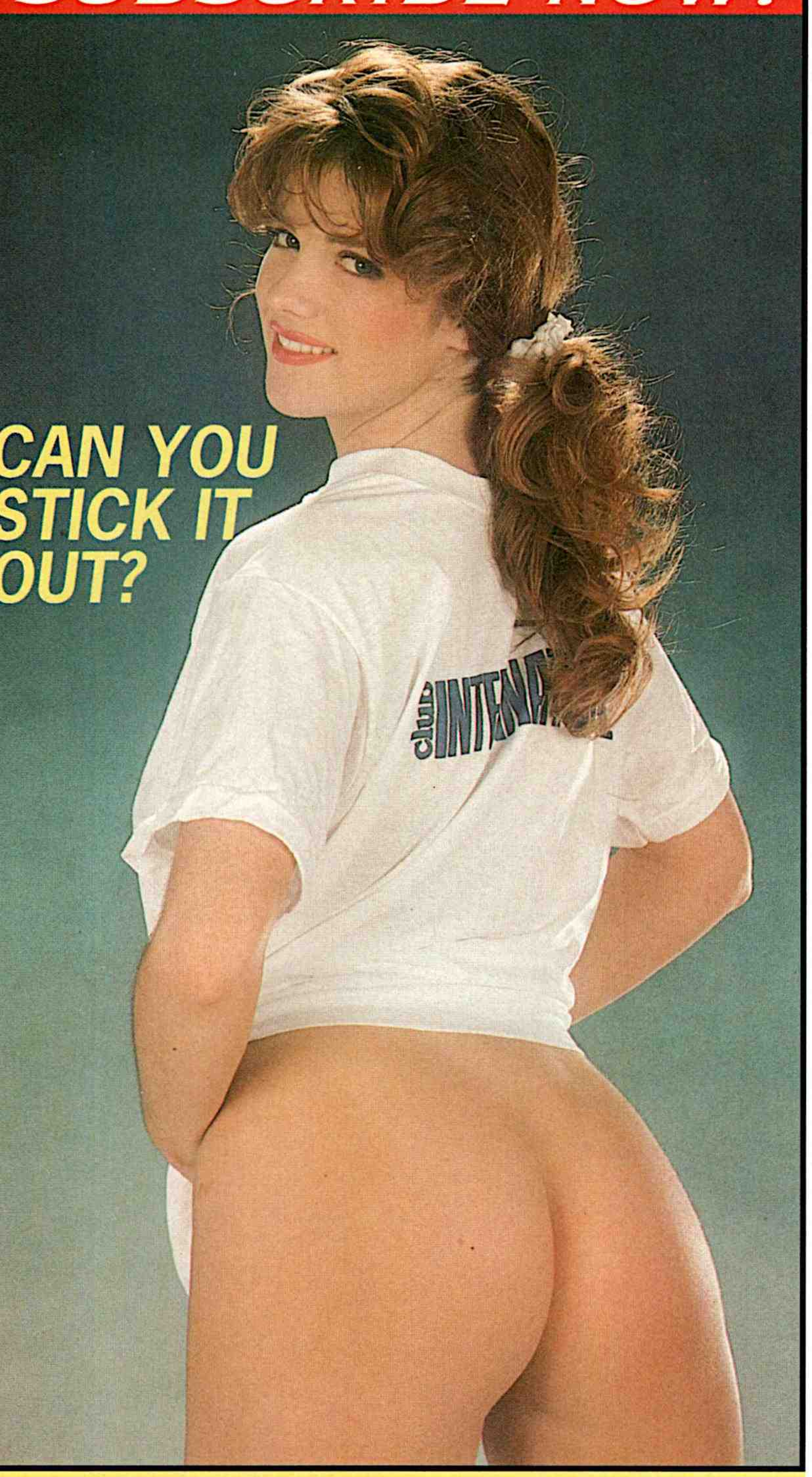

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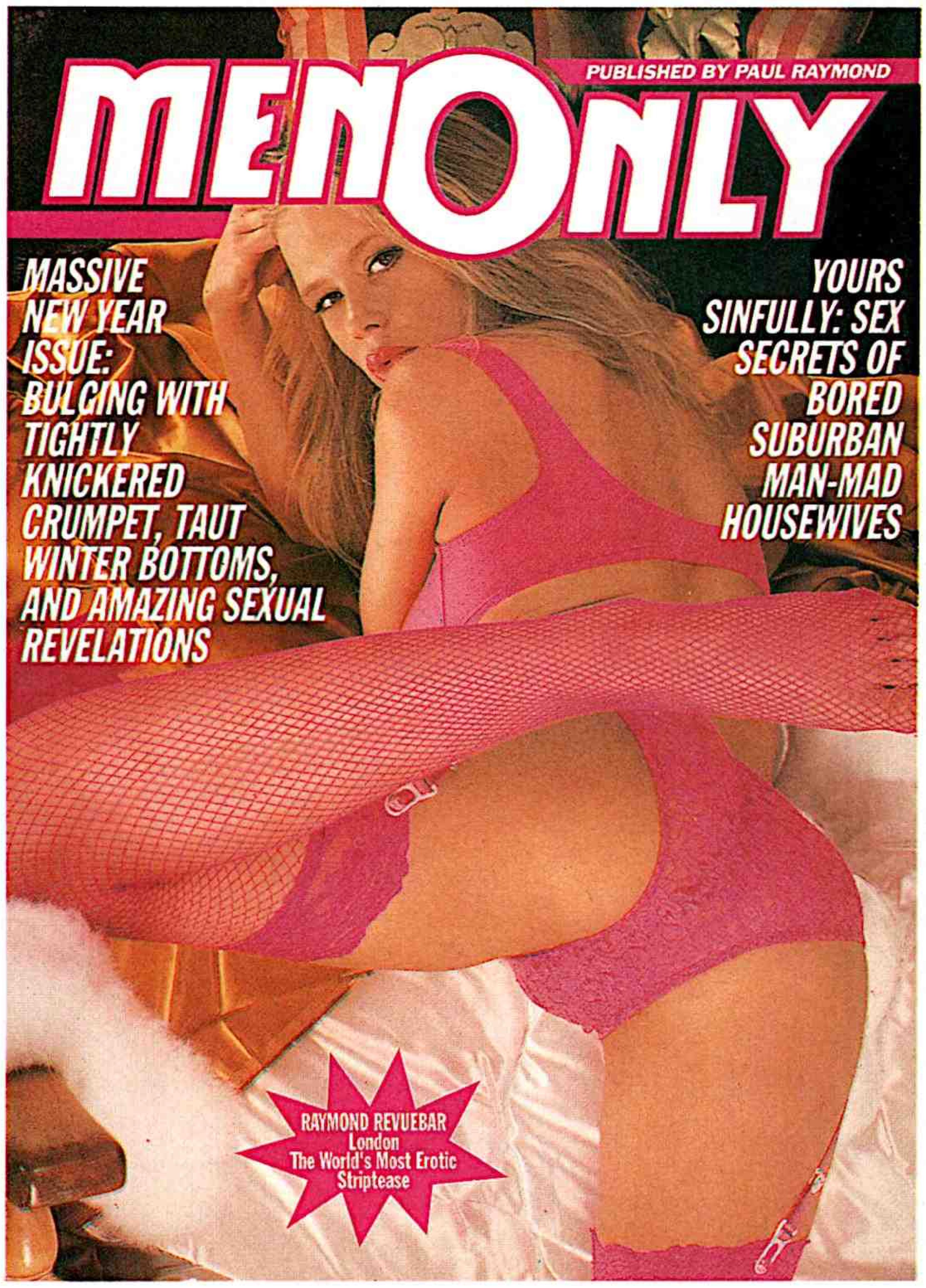

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ALL FOUR FINGERS
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LICK ME	0836 402 140
WET GIRLS	0836 402 141
SLEAZY SEX	0836 401 142
EAT ME	0836 402 143

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0836 402 144

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0836 402 137

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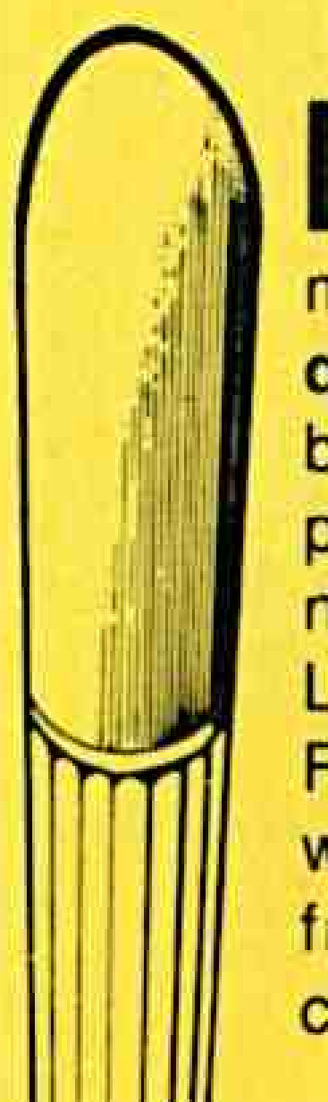

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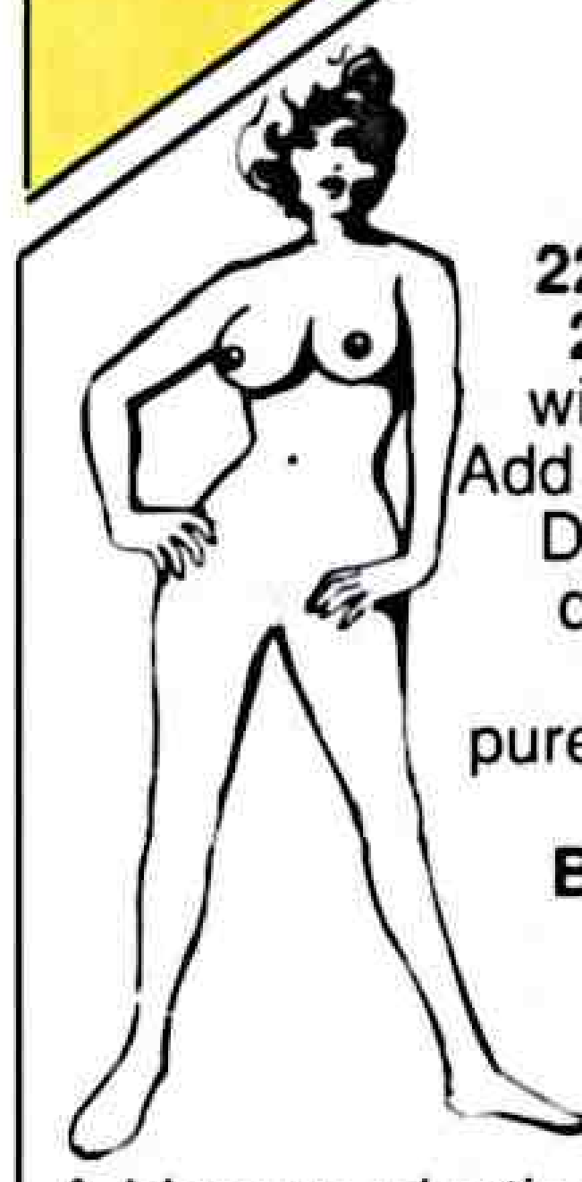

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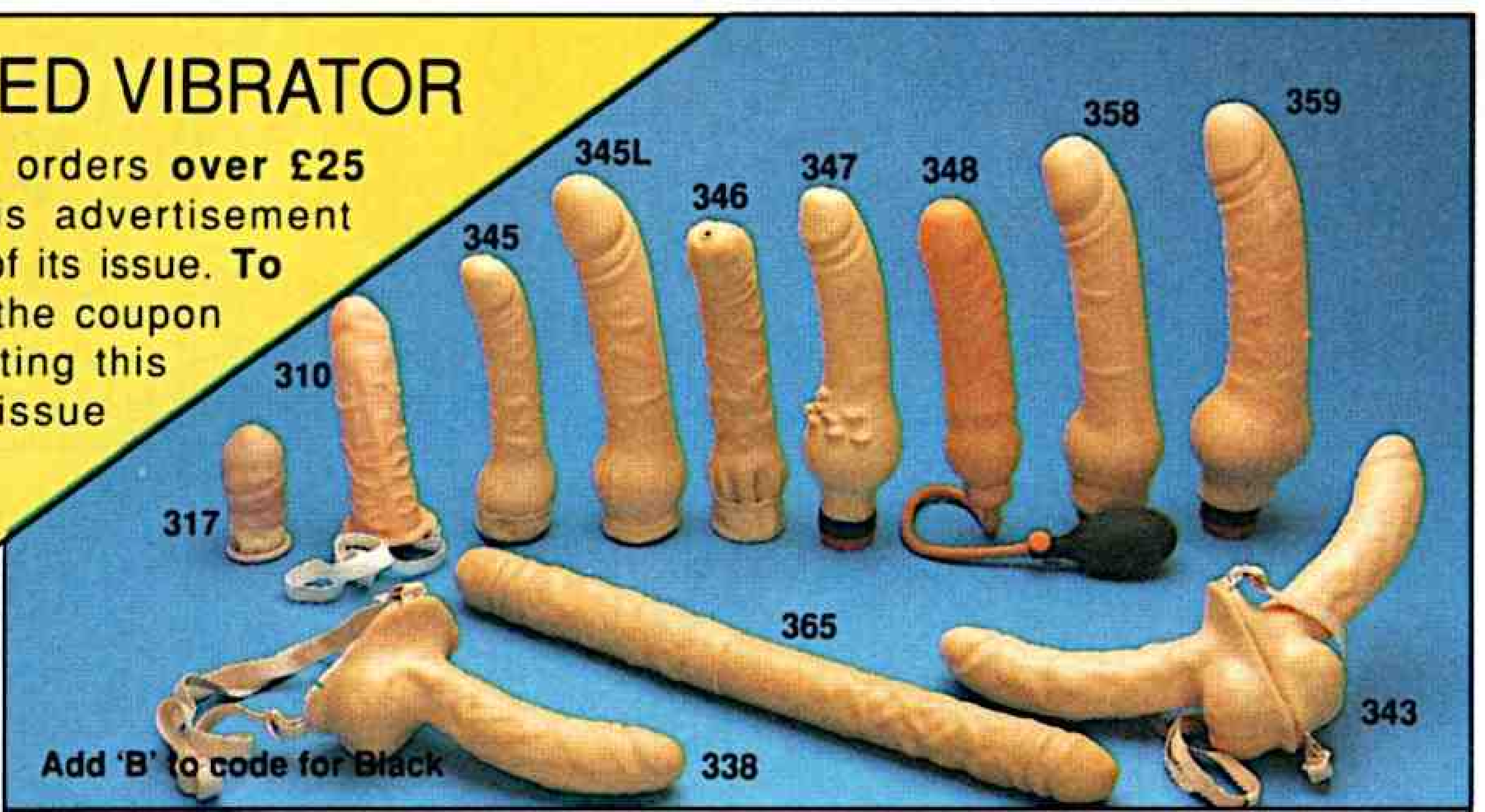

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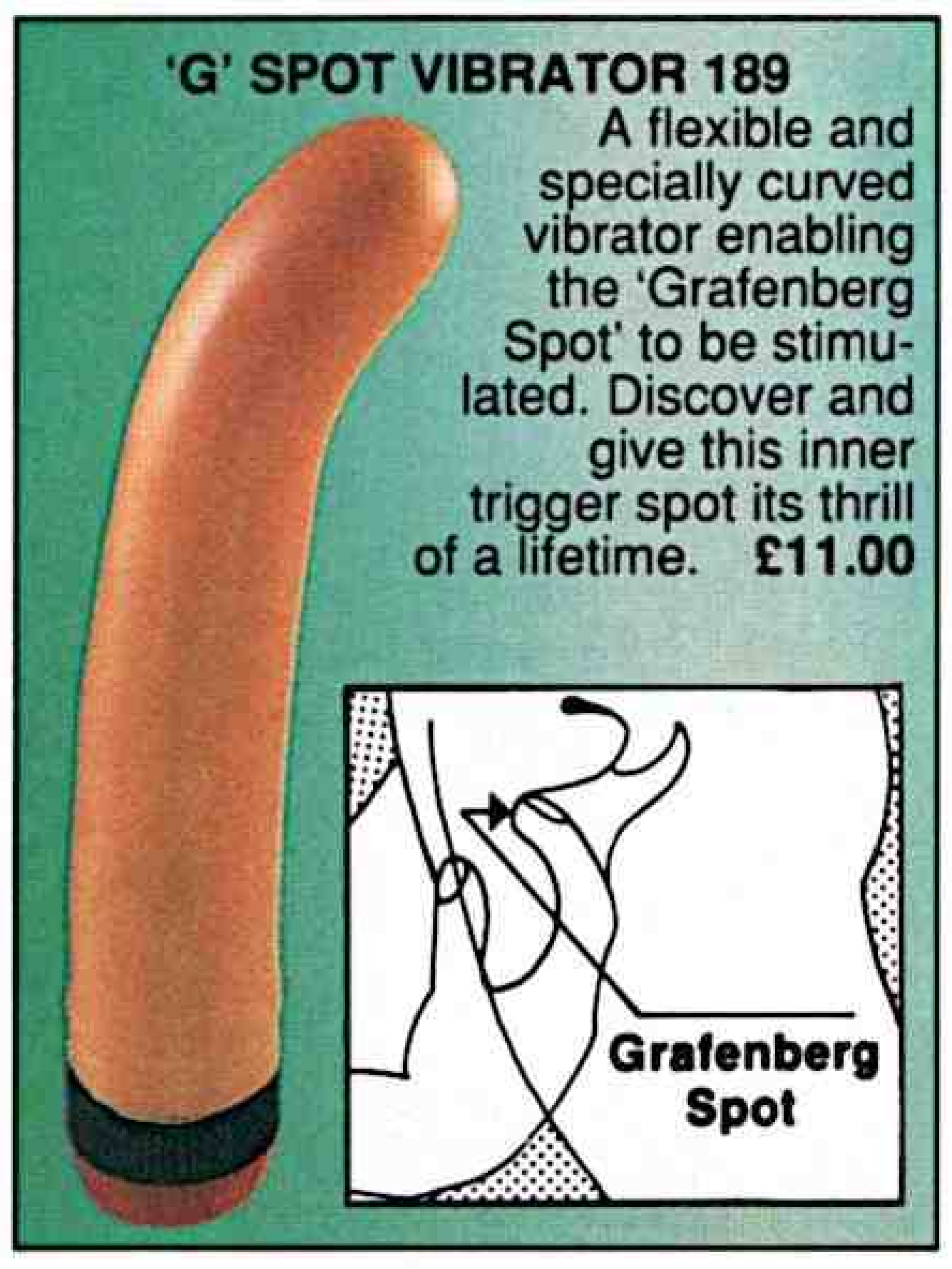

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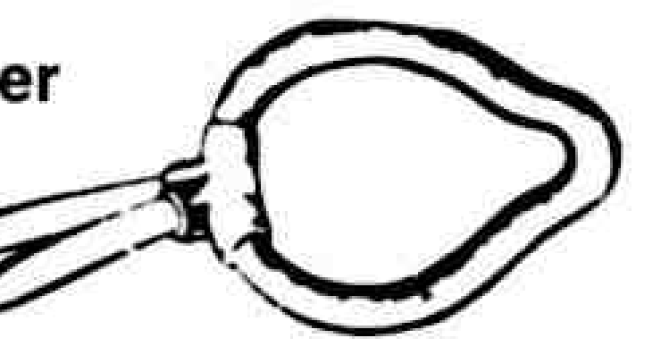

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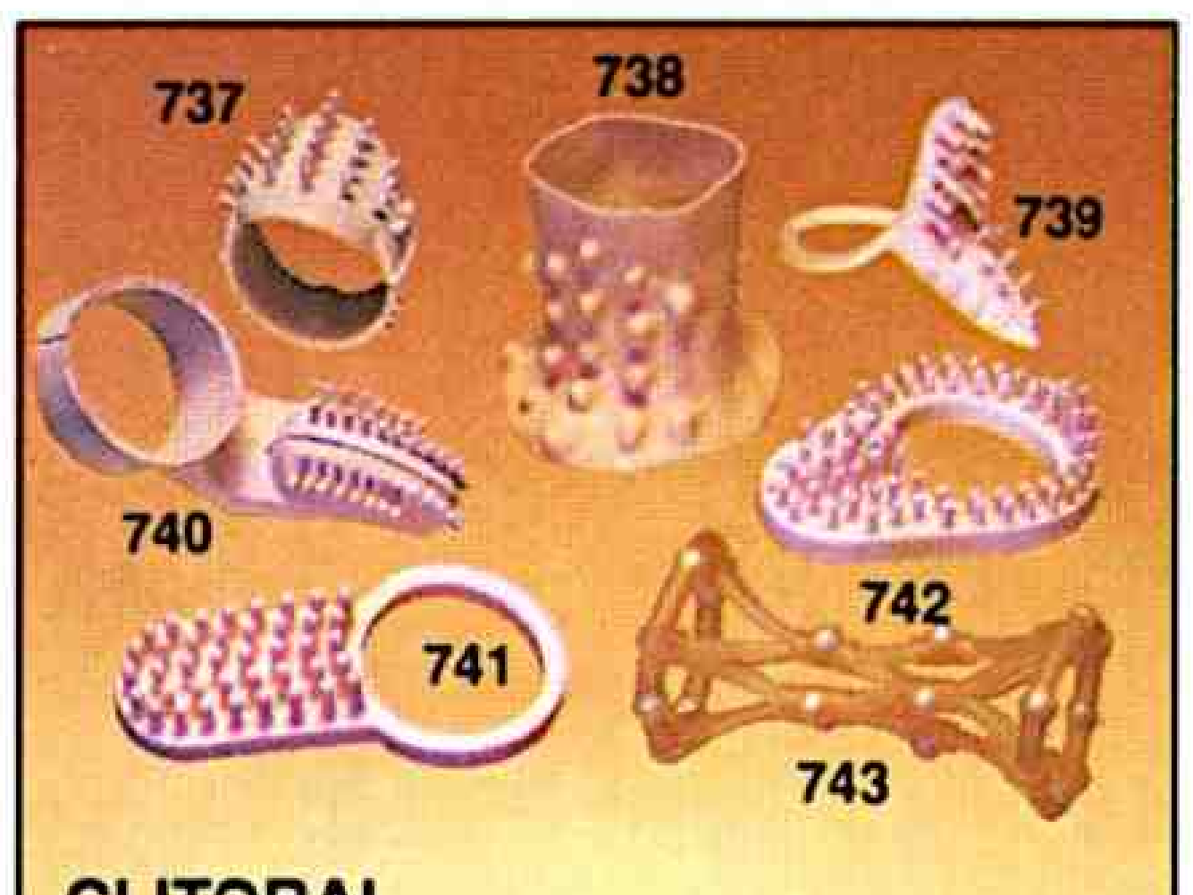

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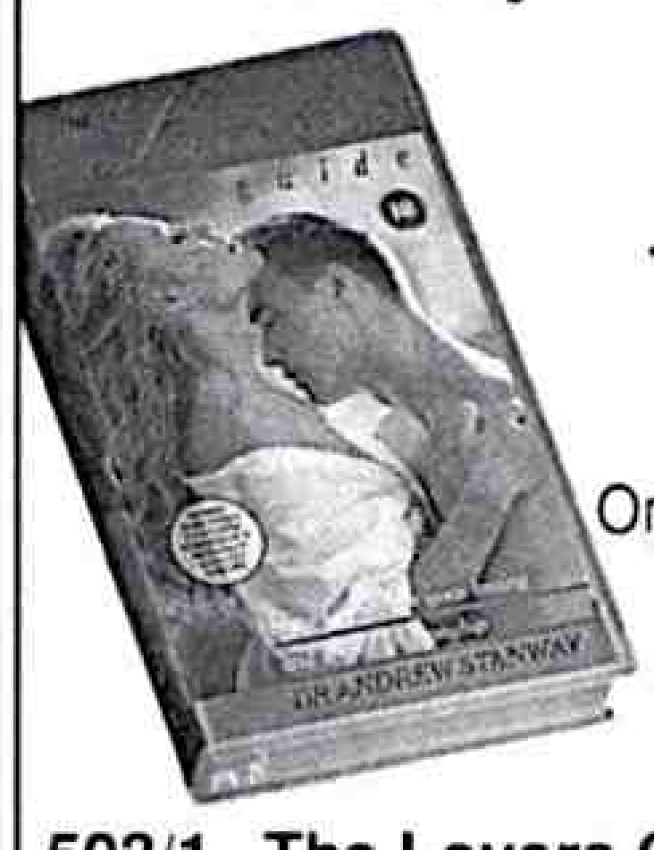

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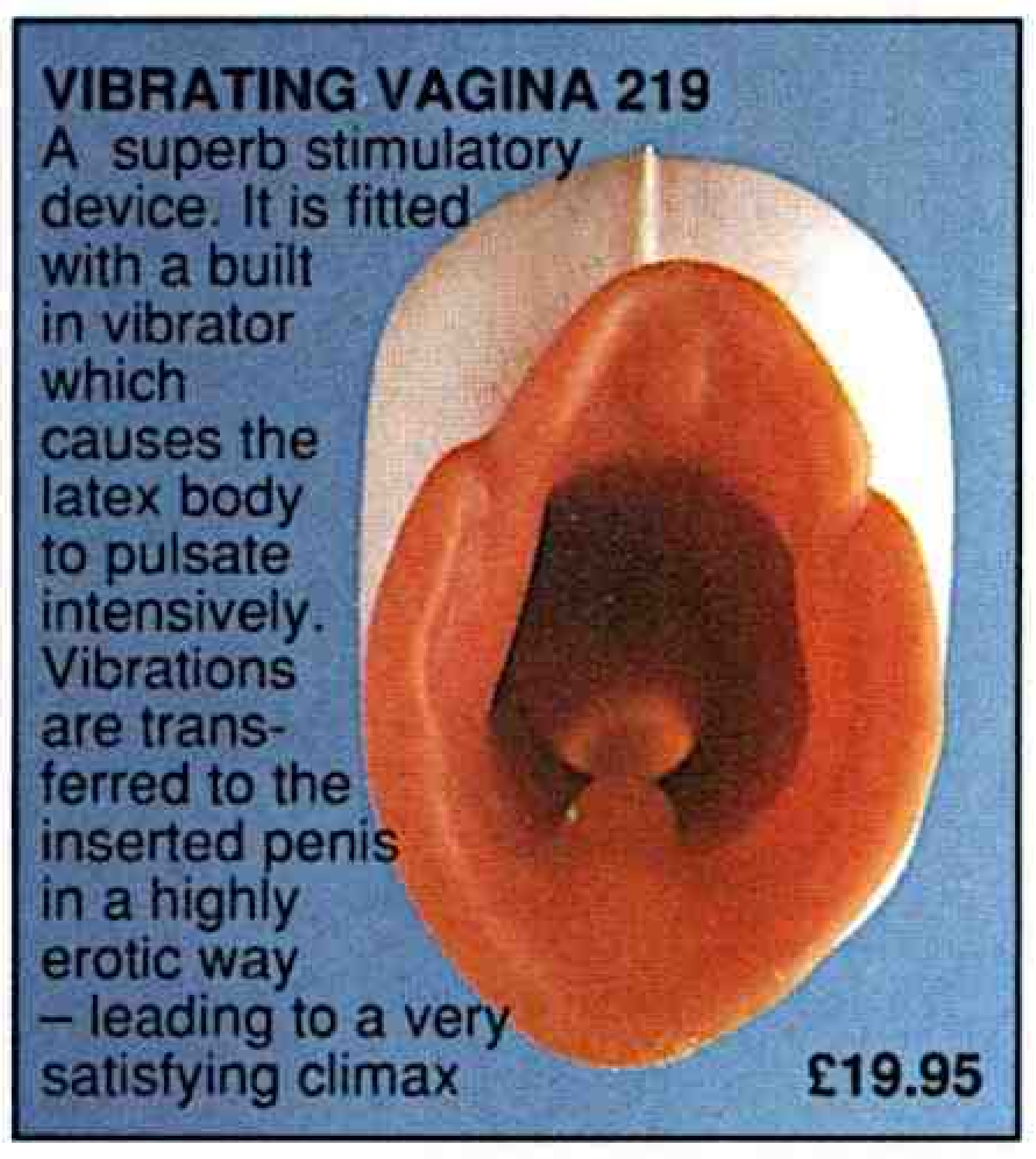

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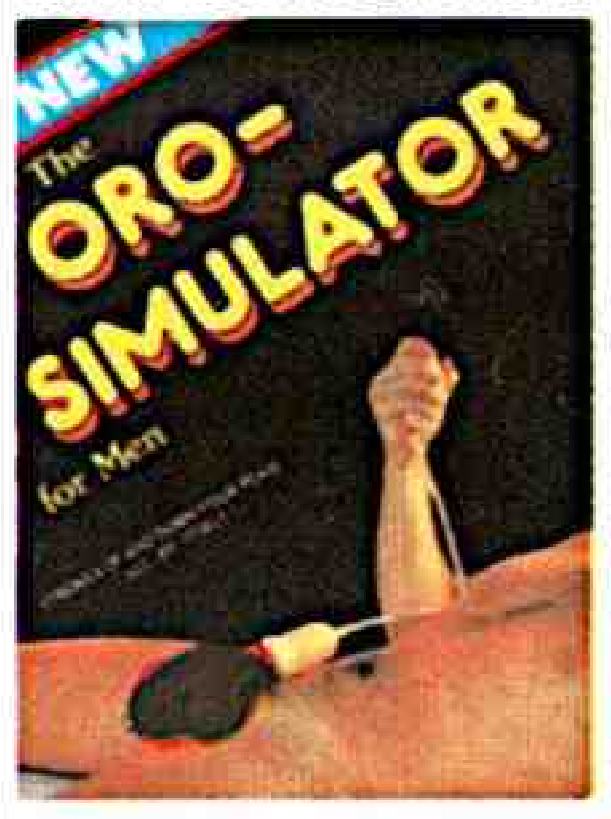

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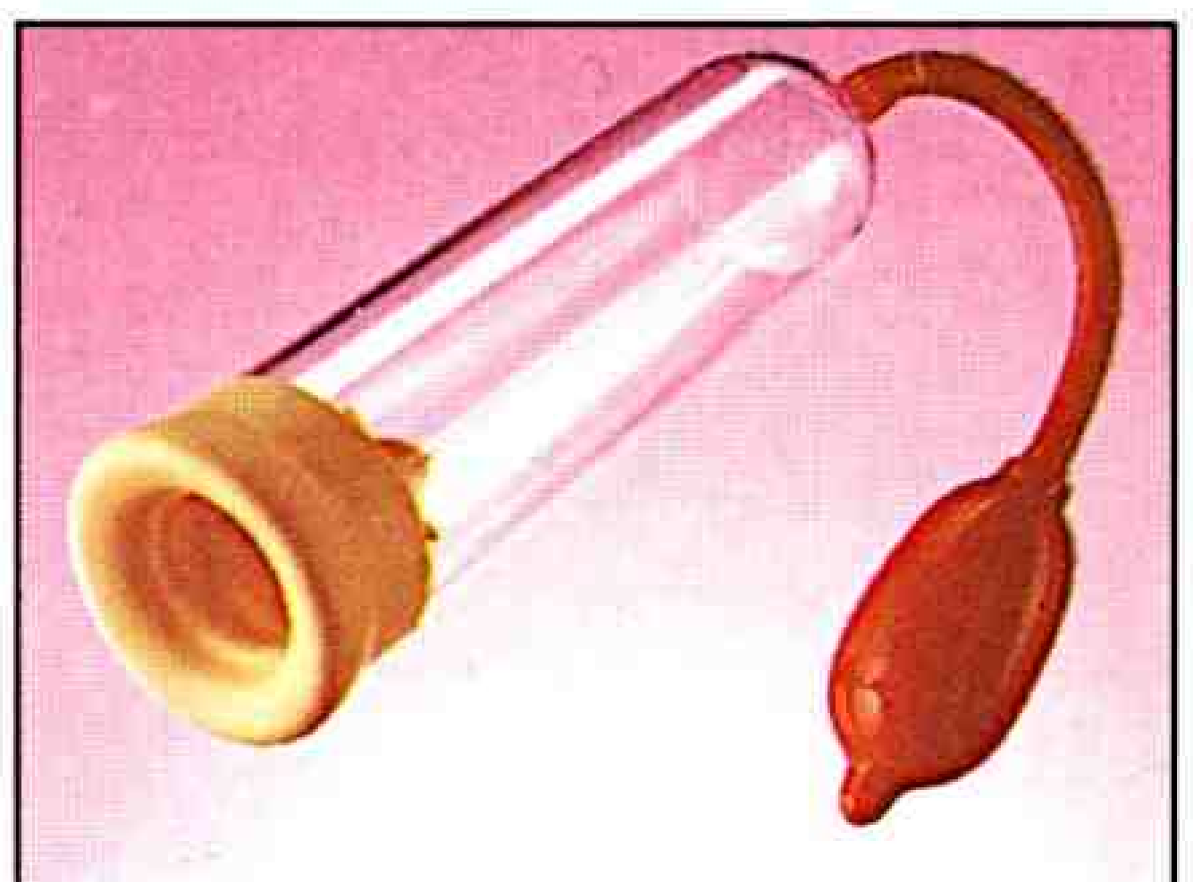

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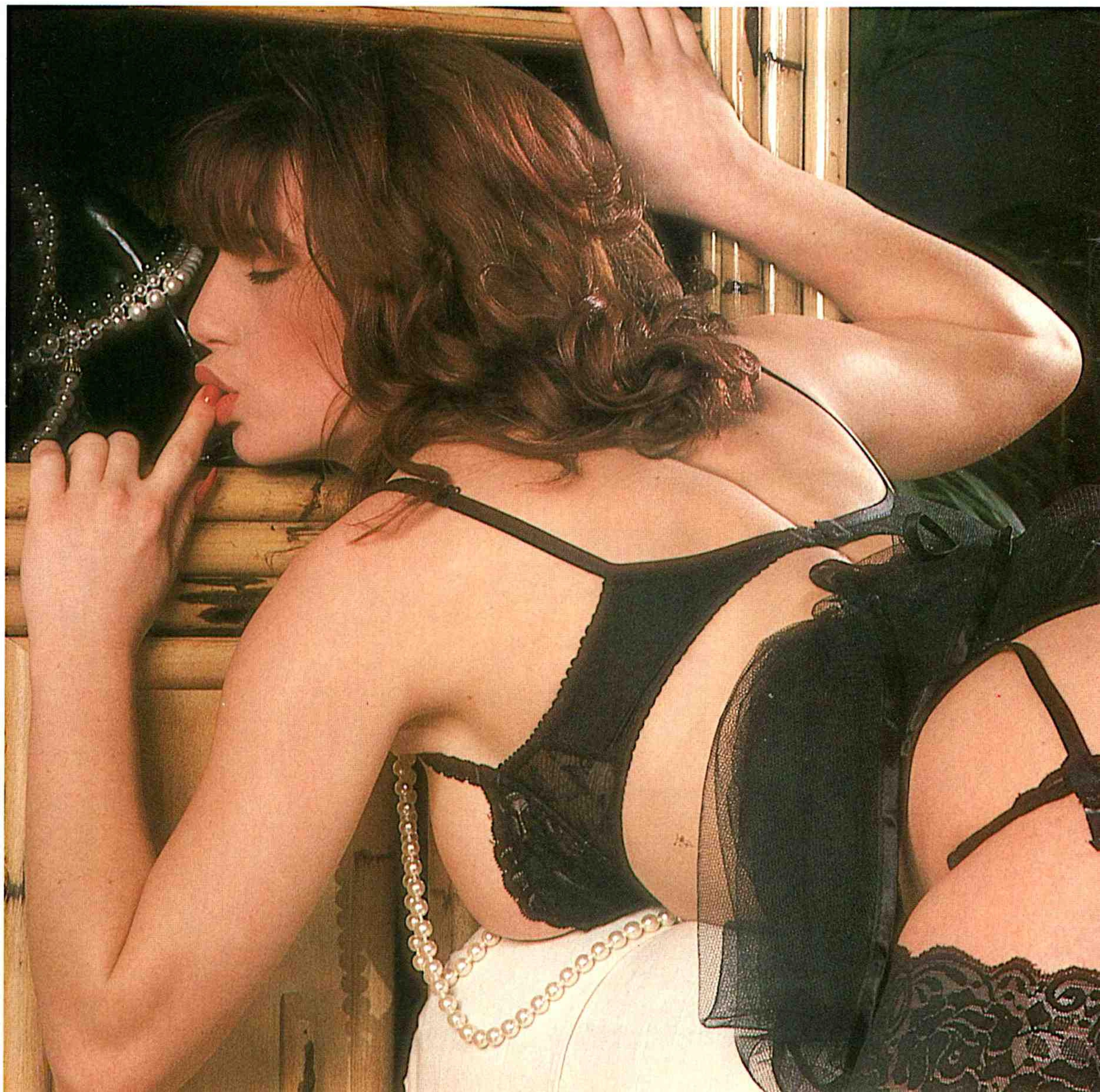
barbara

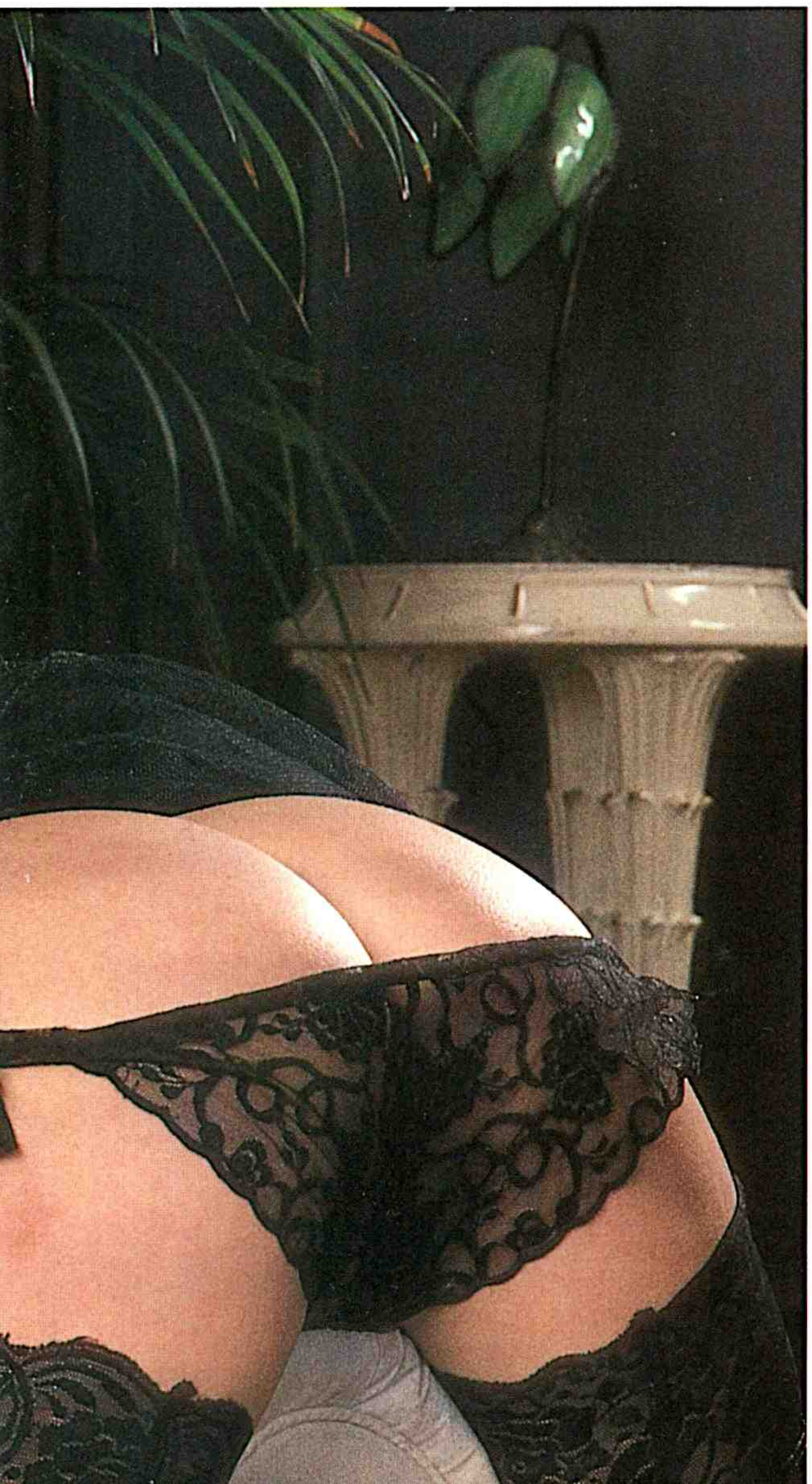


For sheer beauty, you'd have to go a long way to beat Barbara. A very long way, in fact – she's just moved to Paris!

"Well, I fell in love with the city last year and I knew straight away I had to live here. It's just so romantic, don't you think?" sighed the 20-year-old. "And after a couple of months I fell in love with the men, too.

"The only problem was I couldn't speak the language. I spent my first few weeks using my hands to show people what I wanted."

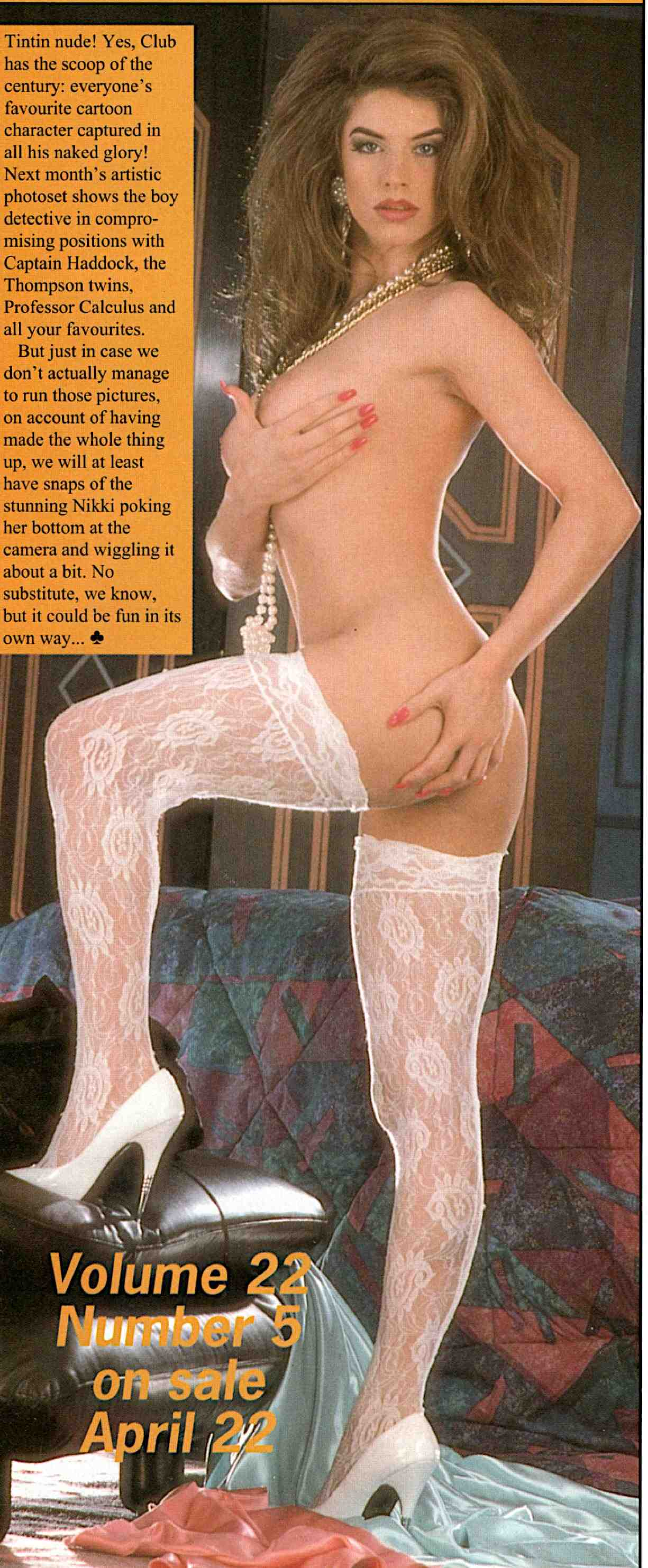
Photographs by Jack Harrison



It must have been interesting to see her signal for something to eat after a few drinks.

"Er, yes, well it was a bit. Luckily, wanting to spend a night with someone proved a lot easier. I soon got something inside me that way, I can tell you!" ♣

COMING IN club



Tintin nude! Yes, Club has the scoop of the century: everyone's favourite cartoon character captured in all his naked glory! Next month's artistic photoset shows the boy detective in compromising positions with Captain Haddock, the Thompson twins, Professor Calculus and all your favourites.

But just in case we don't actually manage to run those pictures, on account of having made the whole thing up, we will at least have snaps of the stunning Nikki poking her bottom at the camera and wiggling it about a bit. No substitute, we know, but it could be fun in its own way... ♣

Volume 22 Number 5 on sale April 22

IN THE BAG

continued from page 19

predicament. "Get up too, you sod!" I laughed as I opened the curtain and stepped back into the shop, just as Miss Jarvis walked in!

"Well, see if those fit!" I called out far too loudly, and pulled the curtain back. With a quick goodbye I grabbed my coat and said I was off for lunch. What a lucky escape!

I never saw that guy again and I don't even think he bought the jeans, but I didn't mind. At least now I always look forward to going into work! – *Janice, North London*

Eighteen To Dirty

I'd like to tell you what happened to me when I went on holiday to the Greek islands last month. Myself and a student friend had booked a villa on Kos, but at the last moment she had to drop out. So, in much need of a break, I decided to go on my own.

I'd never been away on my own before but I hoped I would meet a horny bloke out there for a holiday romance – and a good shag of course!

The villa seemed very big and empty with just me in it that first night, so the next morning I strolled down to the local bar keeping an eye out for a fella who could perhaps join me. As I sat sipping a drink I was interrupted by two girls who had just arrived on the island that morning. They asked me if I knew of any cheap rooms on the island. I thought for a moment, then suggested that they come back to the place where I was staying.

The two girls agreed and as we walked back we chatted and I discovered that they were from Denmark and were called Anna and Ulrika. I explained my situation to them and they told me not to worry and that they would look after me.

After the girls unpacked we got straight down to the beach for some serious tanning. We chatted all day and got on really well.

About six o'clock we made a move back to our villa. Ulrika had to go out and change some money and I went for a shower to get the sand off me. As I was drying off I could feel Anna watching me through her dark sunglasses. I started to rub aftersun onto myself, but suddenly Anna took the bottle from me. Not uttering a word she squirted some onto her hand and motioned to me to lie on the bed.

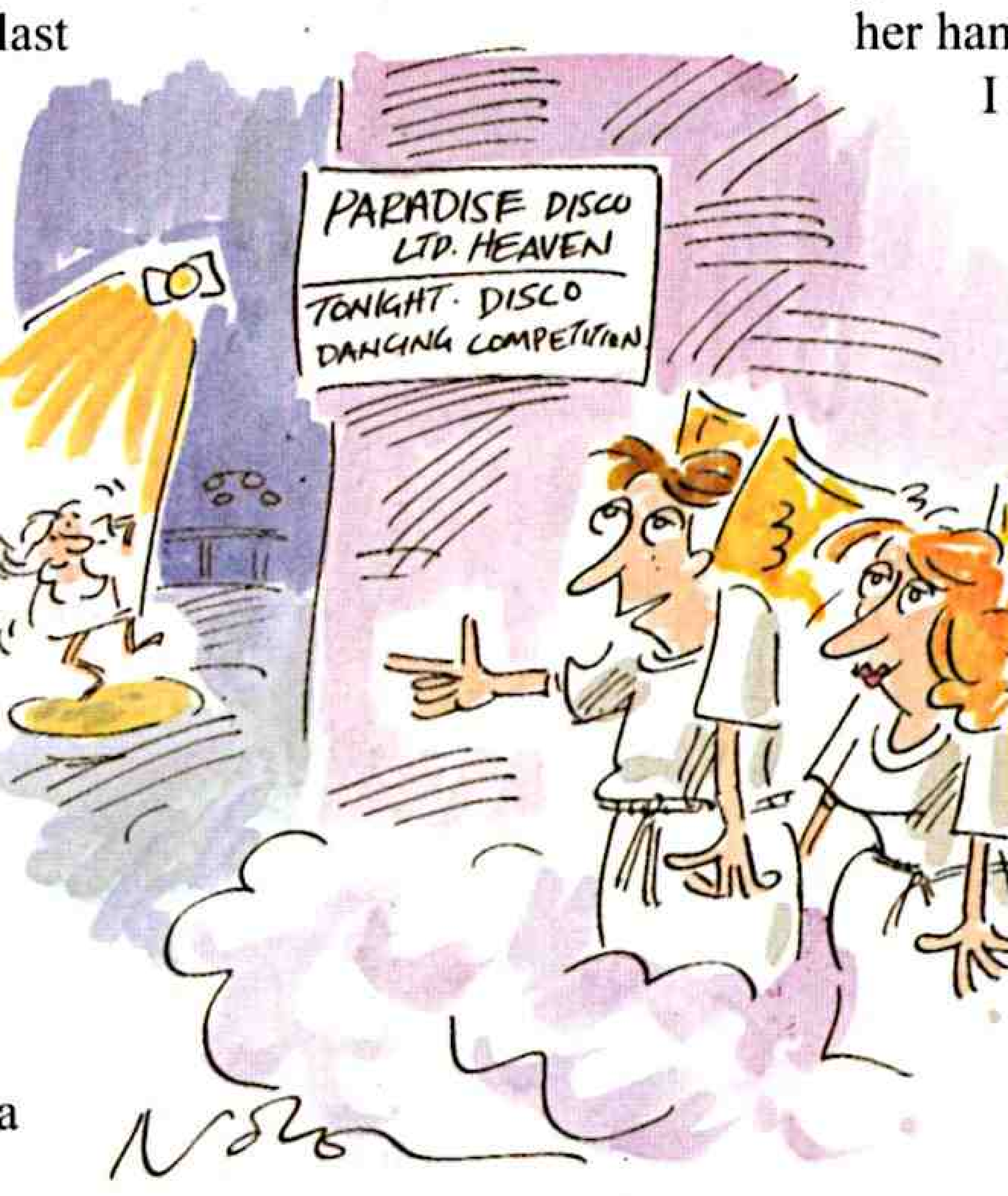
I lay face down on the bed as Anna massaged the moisturiser onto my shoulders and back. It felt wonderful, her hands moving softly down over my bum and legs. Suddenly I could feel myself getting aroused even though it was another girl's hands caressing me. My nipples pressed hard into the crisp white cotton of the sheets beneath me. As Anna moved back up my thighs, they parted slightly and her hand brushed against my pussy lips. I gasped and bit into the pillow as a shock of pleasure shot through my body. Anna obviously sensed this and slid a finger between my moist lips, and as soon as she touched my clit a huge orgasm pulsed through me. She turned me over and, smiling, slipped off her bikini and lay on top of me. I had no time for second thoughts as our mouths met and her hands explored me.

I was powerless to resist even if I'd wanted to, my body just seemed to take over. Anna's tits were pressing against mine and a little climax rippled through me. I didn't even have time to catch my breath before she'd swivelled round to a 69 position above me and I experienced another girl's tongue in my pussy for the first time. Anna's pussy hovered inches above my face; I hesitated for a second, then plunged my tongue between her fleshy lips. She tasted gorgeous, and as I pulled her lips apart with my fingers, I saw her clitoris glowing bright red and swollen. I gently flicked my tongue across her bud, and felt Anna's body arch as she screamed out loud.

Just at that second the door opened and Ulrika stood there transfixed, before diving into bed beside us! Anna ripped her friend's clothes off and her head was straight down between my legs while Anna tongued my mouth, letting me taste my own juices.

Our lezzie orgy went on for hours, and later the girls told me that although they both had boyfriends they had to get away at least once a week so they could make love to each other!

Anyway, they certainly opened my eyes to a side of my sexuality I didn't know about, and one I fully intend to explore! – *Lisa, South London* ♣



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I USED HER HAND 0898 224 362
LUCKY LICKER 0898 224 357
LES DO IT! 0898 224 392
BIG, BUSTY & BLONDE 0898 224 356

Cream on my tongue 0898 224 385

STICKY FINGER DELIGHT 0898 224 350
TONGUE TIED PLEASURE 0898 224 352
FEEL MY HEAVY CHEST 0898 224 359
PANTY PEELER WANTED 0898 224 369

Nurse Nina's way 0898 224 384

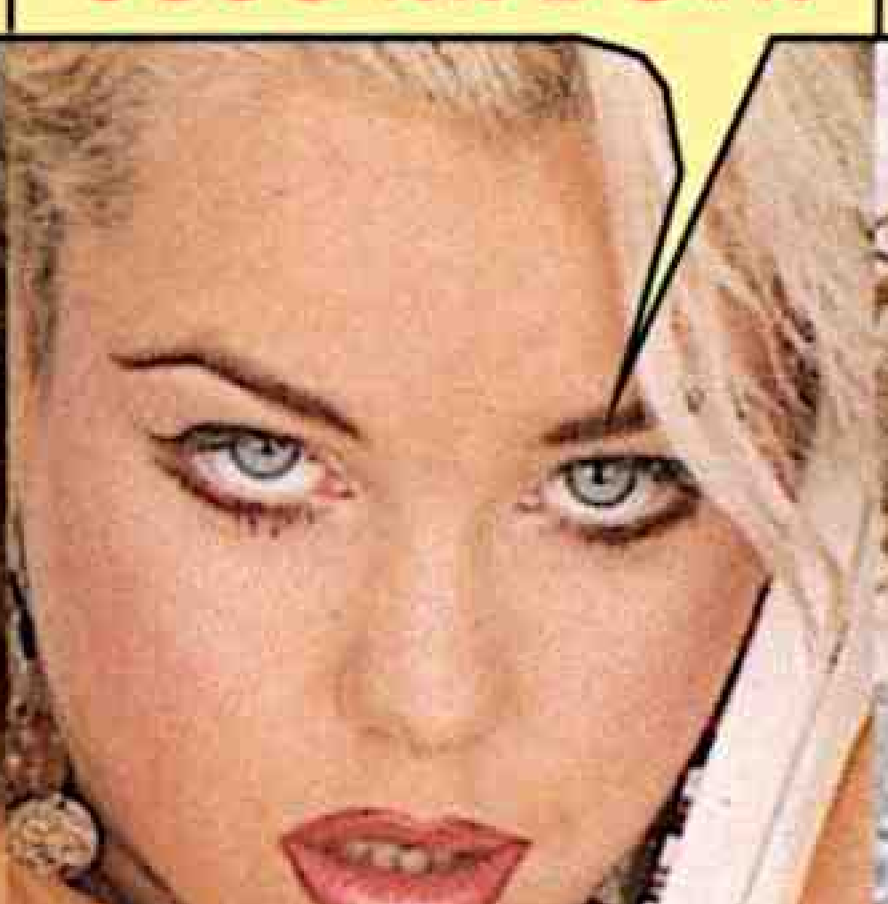
SUZIE USES A SAUSAGE 0898 224 380
JANE JACKS HERSELF 0898 224 393
I'M A TOPLESS TEASER 0898 224 386
BIG BOOBED BETTY 0898 224 389

NEW LIVE RECORDING SQUIRMING ON HER FINGERS! 0898 224 381

DIAMOND NETWORK INC., P.O. BOX 272, LONDON SW11. CALLS COST 36p/MIN. CHEAP RATE, 48p/MIN. ALL OTHER TIMES.

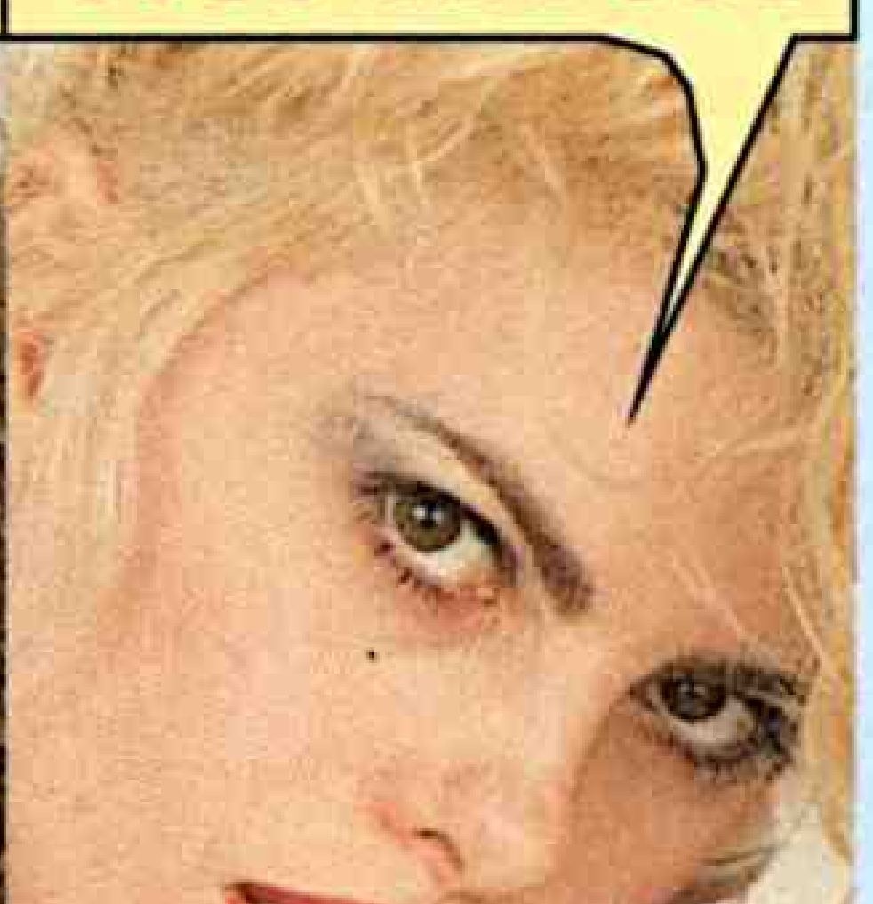
I LOVE TO LICK! 0898 224 355

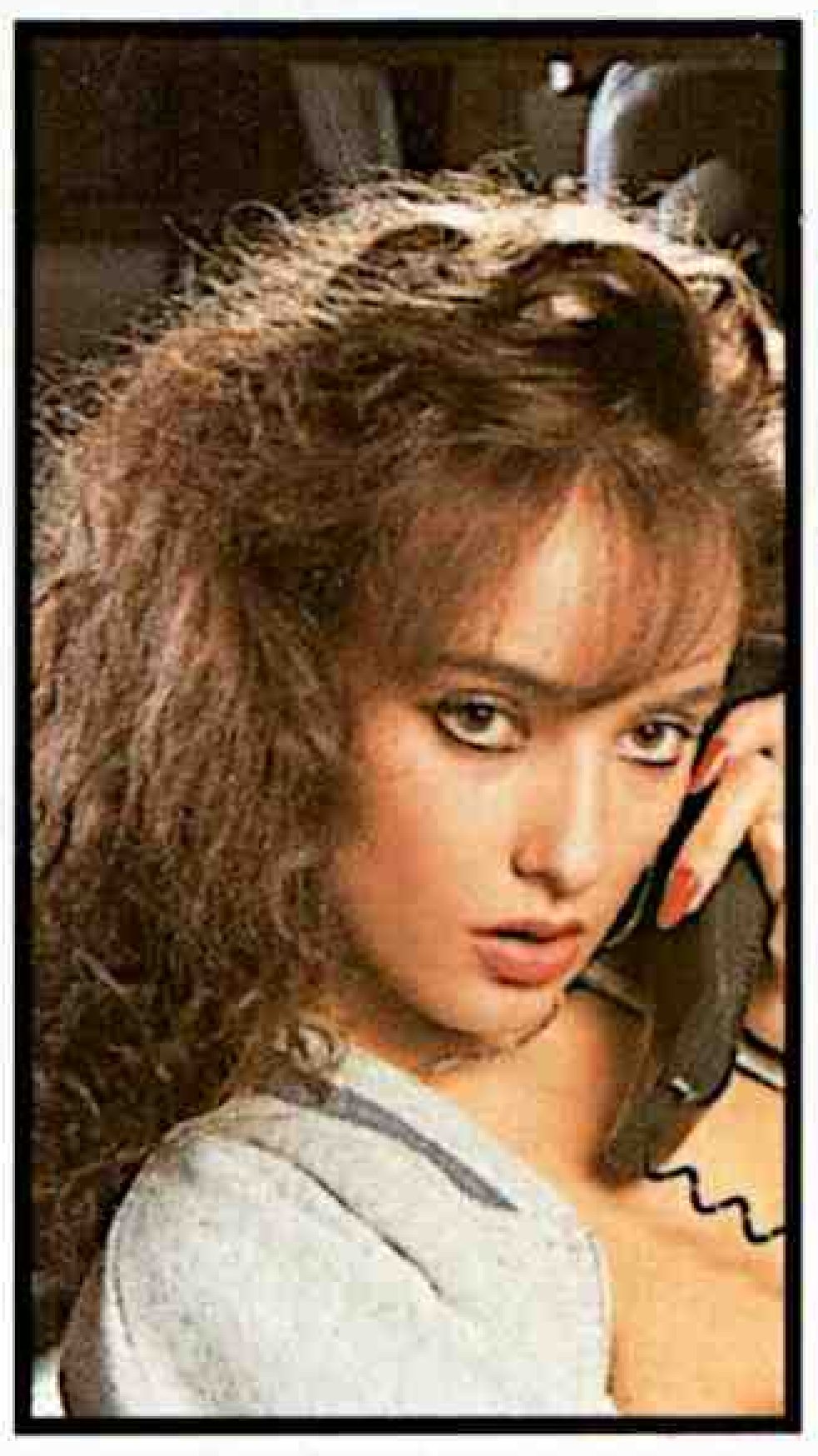
LISTEN TO ME LOVE MYSELF 0898 224 372



DRESS UP WITH ME... 0898 224 374

2 BLONDES TOGETHER! 0898 224 351





DIAL AN ORGASM

0898 442 641

Our girls (or gays) will talk you through to orgasm in a special way.
Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, also a rolled up newspaper with a wet end and tissues.

Dial now for phone fun!

LISTEN IN!

A lot of sex talkers do not mind somebody else listening in to the talking and if they give us permission you can hear them

0898 362 568

RANDOM DROP IN ACCESS NUMBER 24HRS

FETISH ACTION

TOP TEN

READERS WIVES LIVE RECORDINGS!

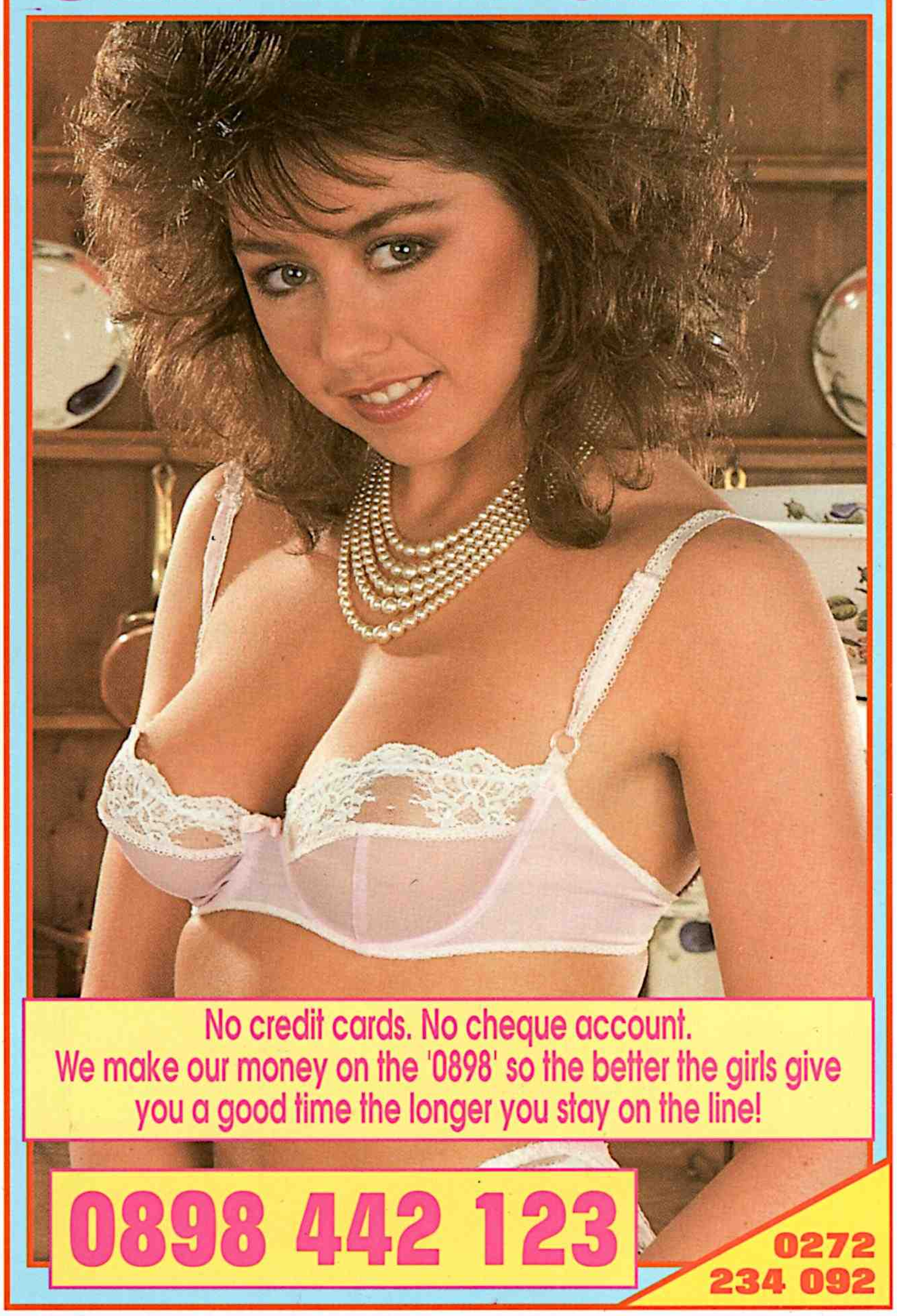
1. RUBBER MANIAC 0898 442 034
2. SEX DATING 0898 442 035
3. KINKY & BIZARRE 0898 442 049
4. ALL GIRL ORGY 0898 442 090
5. DIRTY OLD TINA 0898 442 101
6. HOUSEWIFE LUST 0898 442 102
7. 2 KINKY GIRLS 0898 362 567
8. ORAL FETISH 0898 442 159
9. PEARL NECKLACE 0898 442 164
10. WORSHIP MISS SADIE 0898 442 167

MISS DINGLES GIRLS

WHY TAKE 'POT LUCK' WITH WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR OR TALK ABOUT. MISS DINGLE'S GIRLS 'SPECIALISE' SO JUST CHOOSE!

TRACY TALKS DISGUSTINGLY DIRTY 0898 442 169
JANE WANTS TO BE YOUR SEX SLAVE 0898 442 194
MARIE WANTS TO DO IT WITH YOU 0898 442 197
JACKIE IS IN TO DOM IN A BIG WAY 0898 100 410
CICILY TALKS DIRTY KNICKERS 0898 100 499
ANGELINE SCREAMS AND SHOUTS AT YOU 0898 362 509
SOPHIE TALKS BIG BOOBS 0898 362 512
TINA TALKS WHILE DOING IT LIVE 0898 362 513
SARAH USES THE PHONE AS A SEX TOOL 0898 362 514
MANDY WANTS TO BE SHOUTED AT 0898 362 515
PATTIE LETS YOU HEAR HER DOING IT 0898 362 516
CHRISSIE GETS YOU TO DIRTY STUFF TO YOURSELF 0898 362 517
BELINDA IS A COMPLETE BY-SEXUAL PERSON 0898 362 518
CYN IS INTO LEATHER AND STUDS 0898 362 519
BILLIE JO IS FROM THE U.S.A. AND INTO MOST THINGS 0898 362 520
TRIXIE HAS A SEX SHAVE - JUST LISTEN 0898 362 522
TIFFINY TALKS ABOUT HER GAY/T.V. TURN-ONS 0898 362 561
ALICE TALK BI-SEXUAL TOTALLY DISGUSTING 0898 362 564
DIANA WANTS YOU TO TALK ABOUT DRESSING UP 0898 362 565

SEX TALK GIRLS



No credit cards. No cheque account.
We make our money on the '0898' so the better the girls give you a good time the longer you stay on the line!

0898 442 123

0272 234 092

DIRTY LETTER CLUB

Write dirty letters to our female members and receive dirty letters from our Female/Gay/AC/DC members

HOW IT WORKS - DIAL 0898 442 705
LISTEN TO SOME DIRTY LETTERS
0898 362 566

LETTER CLUB, P.O. BOX 242, LONDON SW 15 2RJ.

LIP SERVICE (WET & OPEN)

DEEP SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
0898 362 614

YOUNG WOMEN

SPECIALS

MARY
0898 362 630
JANE
0898 362 631
TINA
0898 362 633
NATALIE
0898 362 634

LESBIAN LINES

DIANE & TRACEY
0898 362 635
2 GIRL SPECIAL
0898 362 637
GIRL GROUP SEX
0898 362 638
JANE with SUE
0898 362 697
TINA & KIRSTY
0898 362 698
RACHAEL GIVES ALL
0898 362 699
SALLY and KIM
0898 442 701

T.V. [AC/DC]

TREVOR IN STOCKINGS
0898 442 702
MIKE SUE & REG DO IT
0898 442 704

If you want some other 0898 numbers to dial our girls can give you some and they are charged at 36p per minute cheap rate & 48p per minute at all other times.
Freechat, 56 Waterloo St., Leeds LS1 2EE.